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INTIMATE LETTERS FROM FRANCE

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INTIMATE LETTERS FROM FRANCE

DURING AMERICA'S FIRST YEAR OF WAR

ELIZABETH H. ASHE
CHIEF NURSE OF CHILDREN'S BUREAU
DEPARTMENT OF CIVIL AFFAIRS
AMERICAN RED CROSS

PHILOPOLIS PRESS
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
1918

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INTRODUCTION

These letters, written without thought of publication, are now printed in the belief that the reader may find in them a source of inspiration and comfort.

The writer has served for years in ways which have peculiarly fitted her for her present duties. As the founder of the Telegraph Hill Neighborhood Association in San Francisco and the Bothin Convalescent Home for women and children in Marin County, California, she has successfully met many of the same problems of organization for the relief of suffering which now confront the Children's Bureau of the American Red Cross in France. Thus from her knowledge of the sick and neglected at her own door she has been enabled to deal wisely and generously with those whom she now serves.

From the beginning of the war her desire for active service in France has been great, and as early as October, 1914, she offered her services to the New York representatives of the American Red Cross but was not then needed for overseas duty.

When America entered the war she again volunteered for active service with the National Red Cross Nursing Service, but being past the prescribed age limit was not accepted. Finally, however, having passed all tests, she signed for duty with Base Hospital 30 formed at the University of California Hospital, San Francisco and was awaiting her orders in June, 1917, when Dr. William Palmer Lucas returned from Washington where he had been called to form the first pediatric unit to be sent to France. The great need of the work is described in the extract from the American Red Cross Bulletin printed on the following page.

Dr. Lucas realized the vital importance of the nursing service to the success of the undertaking, and knowing her ability and experience, urged upon Miss Ashe her acceptance of the task of organization. Her prompt response to his demand and

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their combined efforts, made possible her necessary transfer from the Base Hospital Service.

The terse, vivid sentences of the letters picture as more studied phrases might fail to do, the scenes of suffering and the opportunities for service as they present themselves to the writer. Written under the stress of work and to those closest in her confidence, they bear the imprint of her character.

No editing of the extracts has been possible. To have attempted this would have been to mar the essence of their strength; that strength which comes from the simplicity of a great purpose deepened and ennobled by the vision of the unconquerable soul of France.

A. G.

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EXTRACT FROM AMERICAN RED CROSS BULLETIN

A group of specialists in infant welfare has been sent to France by the American Red Cross. At its head is Dr. William P. Lucas, professor of pediatrics in the University of California, and the originator of the "Save a Belgian Baby" movement.

Before the war the birth rate and death rate in France were so nearly equal that publicists voiced their concern over the future of the national life. Last year, however, with the death rate probably over 20 per 1,000, not counting deaths of men in military service, the birth rate was officially estimated at only 8 per 1,000. In New York State the birth rate is 23 or 24 per 1,000, the death rate about 14 per 1,000.

The total deaths in France in 1916 were about 1,100,000. Births numbered only 312,000. The net loss in population was 788,000, or nearly 2% of the whole. In Paris, where 48,917 babies were born in the year ending August 1, 1914, only 26,179 were born in the second year of the war, ending August 1, 1916.

"There is a crying need for effective work among children," cables Major Grayson M. P. Murphy, head of the American Red Cross Commission now in France. He reports that there is a great need for doctors and nurses for work with mothers and children, and the Infant Welfare Unit will be prepared to give such immediate relief as it can.

With Dr. Lucas in the Unit, which was financed by Mrs. William Lowell Putnam of Boston, are Dr. J. Morris Slemons, of the Yale Medical School, one of the best known of obstetricians; Dr. Julius Parker Sedgwick, physiological chemist, professor at the University of Minnesota; Dr. John C. Baldwin, specialist in diseases of children; Dr. Clain F. Gelston, Dr. Lucas's assistant at the University of California; Dr. N. O. Pearce, another specialist, and the following experts in sociology and child welfare work; Mrs. J. Morris Slemons, Mrs. William

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P. Lucas, Miss Elizabeth Ashe, and Miss Rosamund Gilder, daughter of the poet.

These specialists will survey the situation and study the work already being done by the French, and will practice without receiving compensation from patients. The task before the Red Cross, which will be carried out by this and succeeding units, is not only to co-operate with French specialists, but also to carry on a general educational campaign among French mothers in the interest of better prenatal hygiene and scientific feeding and care of the babies. Special efforts will be made to protect children from tubercular infection which is particularly threatening France today as a result of trench warfare.

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Washington, July 12, 1917.

To L. McL.

I have had such an exciting day. As I entered the hotel this morning, Dr. Lucas was at the telephone asking for me. The telegram I sent him en route settled everything. He took it to the Red Cross headquarters and Miss Delano immediately agreed to let him send for me. The "Commission," as it is called, consists of twelve doctors with big reputations, Mrs. Lucas, Mrs. Slemons (one of the doctor's wives), and myself I am to organize the nursing end of it. I went at once to the Red Cross building and had long conferences with the heads—Miss Delano soon got an idea that I knew every one on earth, because our talk was first interrupted by Miss H. Draper, an old friend of Cousin Loyall's and head of the New York Red Cross, and about ten minutes later by Sadie Murray who, of course, fell into my arms, then a note was brought in from Mrs. Newlands asking me to dinner, where I am going in about ten minutes. I did not go to the Grafton but am at a little place near by where the Lucases are, just like the Haven! We are beautifully taken care of by a negro couple—breakfast in our rooms!

It is lovely here now. I have never seen Washington in her summer clothes before, but it is very hot. I am so disgusted that I had all those white dresses made. The Red Cross has supplied me with a whole outfit, dresses, aprons, coat, cape and caps.

I think we will have a very interesting time making the survey for about two months before the real work begins. Mrs. Lucas is to have moving pictures of it all for publicity. I have had very little conversation with Dr. Lucas so far. I have found out that there is little chance of the University of California Base Hospital Unit going to France, so I am glad I am out of it.

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Of course much of my time has been spent at the Red Cross building with Miss Delano and Miss Noyes—the former is fine —72 years old but very well preserved. Miss Noyes is my real chief. However, when all is said and done, they frankly say our mission is a new one to them all; they have no instructions to give me—we have to work it all out.

After lunch yesterday I went to the House and heard an interesting speech on Aviation and then called on Jeanette Rankin who greeted me with open arms and asked almost immediately for Peter who was a great friend of hers. She is very disapproving of these militant suffragettes, thinks it is harming the cause and says Mrs. Park thinks likewise.

I called on Cousin Sam—he is an old dear, the very image of our old portrait of Grandpa Ashe. I picked him out among a crowd of men from the likeness. His features are small. He says he considers the President a great man, although he has not always approved of his policies. For instance he said "When the Lusitania went down, I would have written the Kaiser and said: 'Sir, you are unfit for me in the future to communicate with,'" or something to that effect. He said that greatness consisted in having the vision to see the right thing to do, although it might appear to the world to be unwise at the time. He has a son in the navy who is now on one of our destroyers, he touches on the coast of Ireland. I overstayed my time talking to the dear old man and rushed madly to lunch with George Scott, who is perfectly splendid. He is in the supply department of the Red Cross representing Chicago. He gave us two beautiful lunches at the Shoreham where we saw all the celebrities. Yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Cook, the president of the Erie R. R., lunched with us. I mention this just to give you an idea of the men who are giving their whole time to the Government now.

Dr. Lucas is working hard on lists and I am helping him—dispensary outfits—he may even organize children's hospitals. His orders are very general at present, a survey must be made, but as nearly as he knows at present the work is to be done in the large centers, Paris, Bordeaux, Lyons, etc., not in the devasted districts. I am to organize the nurses.

We expect at present to sail on the St. Louis the 21st, for Liverpool, to leave there just as soon as possible. I hope to get

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off to New York this evening on a midnight train, spend a day there, tomorrow take the midnight train to Bath, have one day with Millie and return that same night to New York.

New York, July 19, 1917.

To L. McL.

I moved to the Presbyterian Hospital this morning, found a lovely greeting from Miss Maxwell. It is very hot in New York, much more lifeless than Washington. It will be good to get to sea. I spent this entire morning getting my uniforms. I am taking two serge suits, as most of my work will be out of doors. It is very good looking, the hat becoming, dark blue velour; the bright red brassards on the sleeves of the coat and suit give it a very gay appearance. Miss Maxwell will be a great help to me, she is so full of enthusiasm and interest in the work. Two of our finest women in the nursing profession are on the National Council of Defense and are working day and night in Washington over it. I think it is splendid—Miss Beard and Miss Crandall—Alice will know them.

I am delighted with Rosamund Gilder, she is so thoughtful, helpful and intelligent, full of fun, too. She is about twenty-five years old, speaks French fluently, is to be Dr. Lucas' secretary.

S. S. "St. Louis," Sunday, July 22, 1917.

To L. McL.

We are out in the harbor waiting for our convoy. It was quite thrilling when steam was actually up and we were off. I have to pinch myself to know it is really I.

I must tell you the amusing thing that happened this morning. I was sitting quietly writing in a corner of the waiting room, keeping an eye on the desk where passengers showed passports, etc. Suddenly an agitated woman appeared urging for admission to the pier, holding in her hand a very attractive package which she was trying frantically to have delivered to a passenger, the man refused to have anything to do with it. Finally as she turned away in despair, I followed her and said

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I would be glad to deliver it, if it is not too valuable. She jumped at the chance and I found it marked "Miss Betty Ashe from Dorothy Coffin," who had come too late to see me. Miss Maxwell sent a probationer flying with it, who turned out to be a friend of Mrs. Casserly's, it pays to be obliging.

This steamer is well protected with guns; the men are now dragging huge shells before us and the Red Cross has provided us with wonderful life preservers.

Did I tell you that Miss Maxwell, in introducing me to a group of nurses, told them that I had humanized her training school, had showed them that all nurses did not have to be made after the same pattern. I felt that I had not lived in vain. I asked her subsequently what she thought the effect had been in the quality of the nurses turned out. Her answer was: "Maybe not as finished nurses but women better able to fill executive positions."

Miss Maxwell has given me splendid letters—seems to know all the important people from New York who are doing work in France. I wish that you had been with me in New York, it was a wonderful sight, especially down town. Old Trinity is draped with flags and looking from there down Wall Street is a thrilling sight to my mind. Dorothy Coffin and I visited the Nurses' Club, built for them by the Y. W. C. A., it is a twelve-story building wonderfully arranged with single rooms, beautiful library, reception rooms, restaurant, etc., roof garden and out of doors dining room. They certainly do things on a big scale in New York. Mr. Smith had a check for $200,000 drop into his lap for a school in which he is interested, and he didn't think much of it.

It was not possible for me to send the first part of my letter back and now we are in the middle of the 4th day of our journey. So far the sea has been like a lake, no one ill and all glad to relax after the past strenuous weeks. We are all full of para typhoid germs, which make one feel inactive. It is rumored that we are to go directly to France, which would be a disappointment as we would all like a few days in London. The only excitements we have had are gun practices which make such terrific noise and brings realization of the state of war, and walking the decks at night in the pitch blackness, not a light showing, it is really very spooky.

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Monday.

Just how much I can tell you of yesterday's attack I don't know, but we tumbled out at 7 a. m., clad hastily—my carefully thought out costume being the green sweater, black knickers covered by a skirt fastened by one hook which I intended to drop if we took to life boats. This was all surmounted by Miss Glider's tam o'shanter. It seemed so strange to be discussing clothes at the most exciting crisis of one's life. All of this was surrounded by a life preserver. The firing lasted about thirty minutes.

The shots went all over and around us, but except for a few broken windows, no damage was done—and we met a White Star liner making straight for the U boat; much signalling was done from our boat. We certainly are living in——. Have seen any number of mine sweepers.

The coast is very lovely. With glasses we can see quaint houses and we smell the new mown hay. We will all be glad to be on terra firma again, although I wouldn't have missed the experience for anything.

We are making fast for Liverpool after a delay of more than twenty-four hours. Two convoys are still with us.

London, August 2, 1917.

To A. G.

It is certainly very difficult to write in the midst of many distracting things, at the same time I am eager to do so, as I know that everything I see and hear would be of great interest to you, as they are to me.

We visited yesterday a most interesting woman, who is the General Secretary of Infant Welfare Work. This work has increased enormously during the war. The interesting part of it is that these classes are only held for well mothers and babies, no sick ones admited, they are referred to the dispensaries. They say that the combination never works even in the same building, with classes held at different times. I am enclosing the card used which I think would be economical for us instead of books, where it is a feeding case.

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Although many places are closed here there is more to be seen than we can possibly arrange for in our short stay, as we are investigating all the welfare work possible. We really have not made a beginning educationally speaking. Every birth is reported to the center, a nurse immediately visits and tries to interest the mothers, etc. The doctors are paid for their services; this is also the case in Baltimore where this same work is done, even more extensively than here. Of course in both places they are not dealing with a strictly foreign population, as we are.

I spent the morning at the Royal Academy, the only public place open. Between the suffragettes and the war, all the art treasures have been concealed; has the world gone mad? The Turners are still exhibited so I spent a delightful morning with them.

We have just come from the Abbey where we attended a wonderful service commemorating the entry of England into the war. The King and Queen and little Prince George were present, which, of course, drew a big crowd. The old verger gave me a tip several days ago as to which door to go in at, in order not to have to wait too long. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached an excellent sermon in which he spoke most feelingly of America going in. When we first went into the Abbey, the sight of files of maimed and lame men coming in overcame me so I thought I should have to leave, but they finally were seated, and were forgotten in the beauty of the service. One poor fellow who was legless, was brought in on the back of a man—it is all too dreadful. These British soldiers are a magnificent set of men. I can not always distinguish between the English and Colonials, but they all look fine, even when disabled, and so bright and courageous, it thrills one.

The Canon read most beautifully and impressively the 35th chapter of Isaiah. I was very much impressed by the beauty of the place, the simplicity of the service and the lovely music —the boys' voices were like an angel choir.

Last night we went to Hyde Park and listened to the band. It was fun watching the people. Nearly every man is in uniform and they all differ a little, enough to make an effect of color. Saturday night we went to the Haymarket Theatre to

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see "General Post," an excellent war comedy showing the effect of the war on snobbery.

From all I hear I fear we are up against a very hard proposition. Unless we receive much co-operation from the French Government, we can't do much, but Dr. Lucas thinks that has already been arranged. Everyone thinks the need is very great.

From what I hear it is thought that the end of the war is far off, all kinds of preparations are being made by Americans for the care of their wounded and nurses. A beautiful big club-house is ready for nurses returning from the front to rest—they can live there. Mrs. Reid is foremost in its management, she is working very hard.

I am very much impressed by the fine big men one sees in uniform, splendid looking fellows, not all English, many territorials, as they call them, and all looking so happy and bright although few walk without either crutches or a limp.

London is certainly a fascinating place and I hope some day I can be here when war is a far distant memory, but it will not be in my life time that these terrible scars can be effaced. It is truly heart breaking.

It is already four days since I began my letter, and it has been quite impossible for me to go on with it before now, between sight seeing and investigating the welfare work, I have been kept on the go, and am too tired to write at night. I shall try to confine my letters to you to the welfare end of it, and tell Linie of the sight seeing, she will be sure to pass on the letters to you. Dr. Lucas finds out everything, so we will have good opportunities to see things. On the whole the hospital and nursing is not done as well as ours, but it is quite amazing how well they have adapted these old houses to their new needs, and it is all so attractively done. For instance, in a nursery I was in, one room was done in French blue and white, curtains, covers, and babies, and in another all pink, curtains, babies, etc., the effect was really charming. The mothers work in munitions, in fact so many women seem to work in munitions that I think they must be manufacturing enough combustibles to blow up the world. The place that interested me the most was a tiny babies' hospital in a poor neighborhood, to save the babies whose mothers would not send them to big hospitals, it is something that I have always longed for.

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When I see what is being done here for the people in the midst of all the calls made on everyone for war relief, it makes me feel so discouraged about the poverty stricken condition of our home charities, not one decently supported. It is really inexcusable. We have three district nurses to the entire city, and I am wondering who is helping Miss Johnson.

There has been endless fuss about our passports. Mine is in order as a Red Cross nurse, but Mrs. Lucas and Miss Gilder have a doubtful position, and are rather suspicious characters from the French point of view. I do hope we will get off by Sunday, as I feel we are wasting time and money as our party of twelve are here at the Red Cross expense. This morning I made a round with the District Nurse; what would please you would be to see the poorest children looking so well nourished. Everyone says this is the result of better wages. I hear that there is more drinking among the women, who fill the public houses. The District Nurse's hours are from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m., with about two hours off for meals. No time off during the week, not even Sundays, I do not see how they stand it.

Lady Ward (Jean Reid) has built a splendid place for American soldiers, it is under the Y. M. C. A. It is a sort of portable house or cluster of houses or huts. This American house or group has sleeping and eating capacity for 800 men. It is very simple but beautifully done, such pretty curtains, furniture coverings, etc. I was especially taken with the tables which I would like to imitate for the Farm. The tops are tiled, so much prettier than oil cloth. I do not know how they will look after hard use, but it would be pretty to have a green table under the trees.

This afternoon I visited Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens. It is perfectly dear and the children flock about him. It did my heart good to see all these poor children in these beautiful gardens, and so accessible to them. These London parks in the midst of this crowded city are truly wonderful, and we can not afford it in San Francisco. What a lost opportunity!

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London, August 9, 1917.

To L. McL.

This idea that 60 per cent of the letters are lost is very discouraging to the pen of a ready writer. You told me that in order to impress on me the importance of writing often.

I have had a most interesting week, we struck the first bank holiday which has been given since the war began, but London instead of leaving town in hordes stayed at home, as the train service is so poor at present that traveling is no pleasure. Well, in the early morning I sneaked off from the crowd. I took my guide book and sallied forth to see the town. It was most interesting to see London in holiday attire, literally turned out into the streets—5,000,000 people wandering about. The first thing I struck was the change of guard at Buckingham Palace. I made friends there with an old soldier pensioner from the Chelsea Soldiers' Home. He was dressed in a bright red cloth coat and covered with medals. He attached himself to me and acted as my guide, between us we attracted much attention, as our R. C. uniforms always do anyway. They are an open sesame to everything, no fees at the public amusements, army and navy stores open to us, etc., and the police are endless in their patience in answering questions. After seeing the Horse Guards prance and listening to the band play, I made my way to London Bridge guided by the old man. I wandered about in a poor district there, talked to the people and had a most interesting morning. It is very touching the way people come up to me and say, "God bless the Americans for coming to our help." The mass of people here certainly do appreciate what we are doing. Sometimes they say, "Write to the people at home and thank them for us."

Food is not any higher here than at home, except sugar, which is more difficult to get. Prices in the restaurants are not as high as ours, for instance, I had a golden buck, cup of coffee with milk, oat-cake, very large, and apple tart for lunch, cost 30 cents. Except in the really swell places things are not nearly so well served or so clean, the mussiest looking girls wait, never clean, in fact we find the standard of cleanliness nowhere up to ours—hospitals or anywhere—no evidence of the vacuum cleaner.

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I have the greatest admiration for the Englishwoman in this war work. We visited a Tommies' Club at midnight after the theatre, and there we found a shift, women volunteers who had just come on, their hours were 11 p. m. till 6 a. m.—serving food all night long. The troop trains arrive at all hours of the night. Alice would love the boy scouts, who are very much in evidence, so much more attractively dressed than ours. They wear different colored sweaters of the home-spun type, short stockings to match and trousers of the same color in serge; each troop has its own color, a big colored handkerchief is knotted around the neck and they are covered with insignit; what is more, one rarely sees a boy under 14 with a hat on, and then only a school cap. I have written these details for Alice's benefit. One sees women frequently running elevators in costumes just like Bobby's riding breeches and coat.

(On back page:)

I overlooked this page—will write on it an ad. "10,000 women wanted for farm work. Free outfit—high boots, overall breeches and hat. 18 shillings a week and maintenance."

Paris, August 12, 1917.

To A. G.

Here we are at last, just three weeks from the day we sailed. We had quite a comfortable trip from London by way of Southampton and Havre. We were fortunate enough to get through the Custom House very rapidly, so were able to catch an early train from Havre reaching Paris at 12 mid-day instead of 10 p. m. which we feared.

August 14

Still no letters from home, although I have received some from Bath and New York. I have had two most interesting days. We spent the afternoon with Mrs. Bliss, such an interesting woman who seems to thoroughly understand the people

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She is most enthusiastic over the French. They say Paris is filled with people eager to work with nothing to do, very much as it is with us. We will probably go to the front on Thursday, and then I believe it will be very difficult to get letters through. My French is going pretty well, I seem to have a perfectly good working knowledge of it. I can see much to be done for children here; two of our staff will go to work immediately in Paris working with the Rockefeller people who are going to establish tubercular dispensaries wherever possible.

While we are waiting for the police to put us through the third degree in questions before going to the front, I will try to get off this letter as I do not know when you will receive another, when once we get into the fighting district. This place we are going to is about 10 miles from the firing line. Most fortunately Miss Schofield and Miss Fell returned last night. Miss Schofield knew the one woman who understands social service work. She is eager for Dr. Lucas to establish a training school for district nurses in Paris with a hospital attached. She already has two hundred trained nurses in the field scattered over France, the wives of officers and people of intelligence. All these people think we can thus fill the biggest need here at present and it would be constructive work. It distresses me that Dr. Lucas is to be with us such a short time.

To answer one of your questions, Dr. Lucas has complete charge of the medical end of the civilian work. Dr. Miller from New York, who was in the Presbyterian Hospital when I was there, is doing tubercular work for the Rockefeller Institute and we hope to work together. They are the only men over here doing any civilian work.

I attended a wonderful High Mass at Norte Dame for the Feast of the Assumption, heavenly music. But Paris has not the same fascination for me that London has. It seems more like a big exposition rather poorly attended at present, of course this is a four days' impression, although the individual things here are quite beautiful. I know this is heresy.

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Paris, Monday, August 13, 1917.

To L. McL.

While waiting developments at the American Red Cross I think I can get off a letter. The difficulty of seeing anyone here reminds me of the relief days in San Francisco.

We arrived in Paris yesterday at noon after an uneventful trip across the channel. We left Southampton at 9 p. m. and arrived at Havre at 6 p. m. Travelling is full of interest as everyone is on some special work with a uniform to indicate it. We hear all kinds of expressions. My letters which I hoped to find at the Red Cross have been forwarded to the American Post Office No. 10 rue St. Anne, which I think you had better use in the future as it is more sure. Just before leaving London I was lucky enough through Mrs. Reid to get a ticket for the House of Commons. It is very difficult for women to get in since the suffrage raids. The subject of debate was compulsary school law for children under fourteen. It was quite amusing to hear all the old arguments against it rehashed as if it was all original. I was very much interested to see the Speaker of the House sitting on a raised dais in a long white wig, and below him to see the men sitting in the front benches with their heels higher than their heads on the center table before them. I thought that a purely American custom. Of course I have not been here long enough to see anything, but we walked yesterday up the Champs Elysee to the Arc de Triomphe and found it almost deserted. Every other woman you meet is in deep mourning, veils, etc. In London very few wear mourning and then the simplest black, no crepe veils seen, of course to my way of thinking the only sensible thing.

Considering the agitation at home we have been particularly interested in the food question. We considered it very extravagantly used in London, and see no scarcity here. Sugar was difficult to get in England and bread also, but even in the poor sections I saw push carts covered with meat, fish and vegetables at moderate prices, not screened in any way from the dirt of the street and flies. The poorest London children look well nourished, in fact the poor there have never been so well off as they are now. Food prices have gone up in proportion

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to the wage scale which is very high, but the drinking among the women has greatly increased.

Later:—We have had a conference with the Red Cross heads and it has been decided that our party divide now, some to remain in Paris and others to go to the front. I am in the latter group. We are to go into the same district that Daisy Polk is working in, the district is large so we may not even touch her work, but it will give you an idea of our whereabouts I don't know how much I am permitted to write of it as yet.

Somewhere in France, August 17, 1917.

To L. McL.

We are traveling through the valley of the Marne. You can not conceive of anything more peaceful and beautiful, in spite of the occasional encampment we see and the guns peeping from every bush. The fields are being beautifully cultivated, the harvest going on and the crops look good to me—it only impresses us more and more with the frightfulness of it all. We see the women toiling in the fields, the soldiers washing their clothes at the river bank and such a lovely peaceful river. We hear a good deal of our troops. Mr. Miel is working with our army, they are so short of tobacco, although the New York Sun has raised an enormous sum to supply it—I thing $300,000—but it is difficult to get it over. When the agent arrives he is mobbed. He gave us a graphic account of his arrival in one camp where the men were in swimming, they simply mobbed him in their birthday clothes. Of course he wanted a movie of it, but was interfered with, can you imagine the scandal of that? I hate to write to you in pencil but I have to squeeze in letters.

What the Y. M. C. A. say is needed more than anything else with our boys is women's good influence, carefully selected, women to run canteens and really mother them. It must be done and soon I should think. We delayed half a day in Paris and as I was all packed and ready to leave I took the afternoon off and went to Versailles. It was one of those perfect evenings, wonderful cloud effects. We dined close to the lagoon in which was reflected the clouds and the colors of the

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setting sun. The only evidence of war there was the gardens planted with beans—the effect was very good—more pleasing to my eye than formal flower beds.

We are traveling very comfortably into this war zone, a carriage to ourselves and diner, which will serve us a lunch at 12:30.

Please forgive me if I am terribly disconnected, but I jot down little things as they occur to me. You must realize that we are in uniform all the time which paves the way for us, it is really an open sesame. Last night such a touching incident occurred. When we returned from Versailles on the street car we found that it only went to the fortifications. It was pitch black night, 9:30. The woman conductor assured us that we could go the rest of the way Metro. When we descended from the car into pitchy blackness I was scared. The woman realized our uncertainty and sent a little boy to show the way... We walked at least a mile through narrow black streets. I conversed with the little boy, aged 12, who told me that he worked 12 hours every day in a machine shop. Although his poor little legs must have been awfully tired, when I offered him a tip he refused, looking at my Red Cross, and said "No, Madame, c'est pour les blesses."

We now see the White Road to Verdun. It all seems like a dream to be here at times, am I dreaming or is it real?

I fear I won't be allowed to settle in one place and work as the scheme is such a big one that all that I am supposed to do is to get different groups started. It will be a very difficult matter as we may meet with much local opposition from the village doctor, etc., but our field of operation may extend from one end of France to the other. I have a passport which takes me anywhere in the war zone. Our headquarters will be in Paris where we have to establish a school of district nurses in the near future with a small hospital attached for demonstration purposes. I didn't see Dick in Paris or hear of him.

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Somewhere in France, August 17, 1917.

To A. G.

If you could behold us now! Mrs. Lucas and I are in the bar-room of the hotel, sitting at one of the little tables.

We can not tear ourselves away from the exciting events around us. Every little while the syrens blow which means shells are flying and we are warned to get under cover; when the tocsin sounds to seek the cellar. The hotel woman says it is very inconvenient in the middle of the night. We rushed into the street to see the German taubes which look like white puff balls. The town is filled with men, scarcely a woman in sight. It is surrounded by a wall and moat, one can not pass in or out without a military passport.

We inspected the refuge camp today which contains about three hundred children aged from two months to twelve years, and forty women. It has only been open two weeks and is really a herculean task. The place was an old barracks before and thoroughly infected, just as the old farmhouse was at Bothin. The floors deep in mud and dirt, and the children covered with impetigo and pediculosis. Several of the children have been badly wounded, one poor little chap with his eye blown out and his face badly disfigured. We saw a woman who was here for a few days' rest, she works in the fields at night with a helmet and gas mask, because the shells drop on her so in the day time she can not work. She has a baby two months old whom she leaves in this refuge. One of the women said she was so glad her boy was here because he was so naughty he would not wear his gas mask. I am dying to get into the place and help clean up. They are badly in need of a nurse there. All the helpers are first aiders, who are doing wonderfully, but who do not understand impetigo, feeding, etc., you know well what I mean. Dr. Lucas really needs my help too much to leave me here, but I think someone will have to be sent immediately. The expenses of the place are met by the State, but of course they can not supply everything. The Red Cross must help out. We have not met the wonderful prefect yet, his name is Mirman. His work is described in Arthur Gleason's book—"One part in the Great War."

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Somewhere in France, August 19, 1917.

To A. G.

After writing last Thursday the Tocsin sounded and the fearsome took to the cellar, the rest of the town turned out to see the show. I figured it is as dangerous as crossing Market Street. I watched the clouds of white smoke from the Boche and French planes. The night before Dr. Lucas had a wonderful view of the surrounding country lighted by huge search lights, some from the Exposition. All kinds of colored light signals were thrown. We are close here to Fort St. Michel and hear the big guns. We sit in front of the hotel and watch the endless stream of interesting passers-by, troops in all kinds of uniforms and peasants with their burdens. I am personally awfully discouraged today.

We were to have passes to go to Nancy and environs, where the wonderful Mirman lives, and through the district where Daisy Polk works. Of course we were delighted and went off to the children's refuge to dinner. We watched from the hill there a most wonderful sun set followed by flashes from the big guns in the distance at St. Michel, Verdun—all so thrilling.

After sealing my letter this afternoon I found we were going after all. Dr. Lucas decided to make the trip which is most important for him, as we visit the towns where the children are living underground, and his report to the Red Cross will be most valuable. There is a noble cathedral here and we are five miles from Joan of Arc's birth place.

Paris, August 25, 1917.

To A. G.

Through some mistake in my passport I was kept in Toul two days. This has delayed my work. In the meantime I have got a very good picture of the general situation and if I were permitted would go straight ahead with rural district work. It is what is most needed. I would like to see a nurse settled among these poor people just as Daisy Polk is, she is doing real social work, living in a little cabin and was having a party for some of the older girls when we saw her. Dr.

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Lucas wants me to carry through another plan. Mlle. Montimort, who is a perfectly charming French woman, has started a sort of district nurses' school, and she wants us to take it over and run it on American lines. It is a big constructive work, but I do not think it could be done by me now. First, because a school is not built in a day, it must be a long, slow process, on good secure foundations, unless I had at least five free years ahead of me, I think it would be useless; secondly, I feel too old to launch a big undertaking of that kind, to revolutionize the nursing in France; thirdly, I think it should be done by a French woman trained in America for the purpose. It would really take months of study to organize to begin and in the meantime the children are crying for help.

To give you some idea of what it means we would first have to organize and run a civil hospital of at least 150 beds where the nurses could be taught, and in order to do this all kinds of political problems must be met, also professional jealousies, and all by a total stranger. Mlle. Montimort is the only person here, as far as I can see, who has any social ideas, in Paris I mean, she has a settlement and all these nurses working and is really a wonder, but no longer young either. The plan is for me to live with her at a woman's club and work the thing up. I am to begin tomorrow morning by making a survey of four districts in Paris to decide where we had best work. I am glad to do so, as I think one must understand Paris to understand France. To sum up our work so far it is just two weeks today since we arrived. We have inspected one district and left three men to work there, and one nurse—Mrs. Slemmons. Dr. Baldwin has visited another, bringing back a cry for immediate relief. Dr. Gelston and Dr. Slemmons have stayed in Paris and found out some important things for us. We have made many valuable connections.

When you write to ask me to tell you what to do to help I do not know what to say. From what I hear there seems to be plenty of undistributed clothing on hand, and every society at home clamoring to make more. Mlle. Montimort, who has a big grasp of things, feels that the work of the "Fatherless Children" is wasted. She feels that adequate help should be given a few rather than so many poorly helped. She sees the

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problem just as we would do at home. The minimum for each child must be $10 per month at the present prices.

I have a desk in the Red Cross main office and will be able to size up the situation better in a little while.

Paris, September 1, 1917.

To L. McL.

This is a queer place to work in, it is quite impossible to transact any business between the hours of 12 and 2 p. m., so unless you meet people and talk business with them at the lunch hour, you simply must rest, as even the stenographers are off. I have one of the latter at my disposal which is very useful to me especially for spelling. I have just lunched with such an interesting woman, a Mrs. Post, I have a feeling I should know something about her. She has developed a wonderful piece of work in France for tuberculosis, has district nurses all over Brittany. I am to visit her in order to study her work.

Dr. and Mrs. Lucas returned last night from Evian, on the border of Switzerland, where 1,000 refugees come through every day from Northern France. They say it was heart breaking to see them arrive, many tiny children coming, too young to tell their names, having been roughly separated from their parents. Long lines of refugees wait for every train, hoping that their loved ones will arrive, the most touching reunions take place. Many never find those they seek as the able bodied women are kept and the young children sent away, isn't it too horrible? The brutality of the German was again impressed on them by some English officers, forty of them who were passing through Lyons on their way home, exchanged prisoners, all physical wrecks. They told unbelievable tales of their treatment the first year. They would stand in line hours for food and just as they reached out a hand for a bowl of soup a German would spit into it, this was a common practice. Two of the men who were not wounded had operations in the muscles of their legs so that they would be stiff for all time, diabolical. Some of the men were such nervous wrecks from brutal treatment that they burst into tears if they were spoken to suddenly.

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Paris, September 3, 1917.

To L. McL.

I am just adding a few lines in pencil, as I have not a pen, to tell you that dear old Dick appeared on the scene this afternoon, to rejoice my heart with his happy smile, which is as cheerful and broad as ever. I have never seen him in better form, his uniform is most becoming to him. If he has to wait for several weeks before he is assigned to a regiment to get his uniform, etc., he is going to try to get over to England; it would be impossible for most people, but Dick seems to be able to put this through. I wish that you could hear him tell his adventures. We dined together last night, of course he is eager for home news.

There are 800 American boys in the Camion Service, Dick says many of them are going in for aviation. I am thankful he is too heavy for it, you will be amazed that he says that his former vacation adventures did more to get him his commission than anything else. He was minutely questioned as to his past life, and the officer was delighted with his account of his vacations. Can we ever tell in this life what counts?

Somewhere in France, August 21, 1917.

To A. G.

I am going to write what I can of the wonderful day we had yesterday, not knowing what will go through, but I must try it. We were taken to the second line of defense, just think, only five miles from the Boches, by the way, if you say Allemand here, you are corrected. No other women have ever been so near the lines, even Miss Burke did not get beyond the forts, but we were between the forts and the Boche trenches. We visited several demolished villages en route, the object of our visit was to see the places where the children come from, count the number left behind, who all must wear gas masks which they often rebel at doing. No children under eight are left with their mothers, who work in the fields, sometimes at night, when the firing is too severe. The serenity and cheerfulness which they display is marvelous. Their ruined homes did

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not make the dreadful impression on me I anticipated, it is not a circumstance to our fire. Except where the churches are demolished, a social service worker can not help but feel that more sanitary buildings might be an improvement, the animals and people all live together. As far as food and clothes are concerned, they look well fed and clothed, but the filth is inherent, not just the result of the war. But can you imagine anything more dreadful than a condition in the supposedly Christian world? Christ on his crucifix in many villages is the only thing erect, where women and little children by thousands must work in the fields under shell fire wearing gas masks to protect them from the fiendish brutality of their fellow men. The Americans are said to be responsible for the invention of submarines and areoplanes, but thank God, we are not responsible for the gas devil, but to return to my tale.

On Monday morning we started on our trip in two cars sent to us by the field staff. We were very soon on the "White Road to Verdun" which name is well applied. I never saw a more beautiful boulevard road, and winding through such a lovely country. The cars simply went like lightning. I have never driven so fast, our first stop was made to say "How do you do" at stations where our ambulance boys are living in what I call a mess. Fourteen of them were off duty with some skin trouble, probably scabies. Fortunately the work was light just then. We soon proceeded to the demolished villages and met the various mayors, who generally met us pitchfork in hand, they seem to elect by vote the most decrepit man in the village, not that we saw any others, every abled bodied human being is at war, one never sees a youth, I don't know what has become of them unless they are all dead. The men in the army all look mature, which is quite different from the English. In London I saw so many boys in uniform who looked barely seventeen. The spirit of the French soldier seems fine, they are all smiles, even those we saw in the trenches. There is plenty of fight left in them yet. It seems to me as if they were all settled down to the business of war as if it were a regular business, and have no idea of its ever ceasing, the men really enjoy it. I can understand it a little bit because when we were in our battle at sea, I felt quite thrilled and excited at all the noise and commotion, but I fear

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there is something inherent in human nature that likes a fight. The women seemed to be in a perfectly normal state of mind and it is very difficult to persuade them to leave for places of safety. The head of a shell factory right at the front told me that the first day 400 of the cowards left and that since that none had gone. He has about 15,000 left in his village. His factory is shelled every night, everyone regularly goes to sleep in the cellar and they all look remarkably well, the age of maturity here seems to be 7. All children under 8 are sent away to those huge asylums, but I will describe them another time.

Between each village our cars went like mad, as the road was exposed to the enemy fire, we did not realize till afterward that the staff cars attracted attention to us. When we finally, after a mad dash, arrived at the second line, great was the surprise of the Colonel and the men who had never seen a woman there before. We were shown just how the wounded were given the first aid treatment. First, anti-tetanus toxin, then a simple dressing, followed by a dose of morhpine to help them on the journey. The surgeon was very grateful to the American Fund for French Wounded, for all they had done for them. We went into the trenches which are filthy holes which animals would refuse to live in and then were taken up a side hill into a dug-out where the colonel had a banquet spread for us, the table decorated with flowers and an orchestra playing. The banquet consisted of Saratoga potatoes, bread and tea, beer and champagne. Most touching compliments were paid to our country, and when the orchestra played "Home, Sweet Home" from Martha, not knowing its meaning to us, it was almost too much. A man with a beautiful voice who sings in one of the Paris churches sang pathetic songs of his beloved country, and altogether it was an occasion I shall never forget, although it was almost more than I could bear, the body of a headless man had been carried into their little morgue a few minutes before. All the time the frightful guns were thundering away and every time I jumped the men all laughed, thought it was a big joke. But the pleasure those lonely men got out of our visit was pathetic in itself. Soldiers kept arriving with huge bunches of golden-rod in honor of our country. The French certainly

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know how to be agreeable. On our return we stopped at several hospitals where the most serious cases are taken care of, not a woman nurse and that tells the tale, flies thick everywhere, but the men all smiles. I bought a quantity of cigarettes which they eagerly seized. So far I have spent all my money for cigarettes and toys. The appeal to my heart has come from the poor uncomfortable, badly cared for, helpless men and the hundreds of dull eyed listless looking children, sitting around in these huge asylums with nothing to do, nothing to play with, they really don't know how to play. I have bought jumping ropes, balls, etc., all things which demand activity. They must learn to play hard. I actually taught some boys to play leap frog, which they had never heard of. Our men are badly in need of base-balls, I believe the Y. M. C. A. have taken that up.

As we sped home later that evening a shell just missed us on the road, and the mayor of one of the villeges told us the next day that four had fallen in the square just left. But I wouldn't have missed the trip for anything as all the reading in the world does not give you the true picture.

I am sending this to Bath first as I know I will never repeat all this.

P. S. I forgot to tell you that the curé's mother in one villege was astonished to find we were not black, although Americans.

Paris, Sept. 9, 1917

To A. G.

I have been through some poor districts and have a pretty fair idea of the Paris situation. I saw a place yesterday where three thousand refugees are housed in model tenements built by the City of Paris for poor people, and not quite completed before the war. They were finished in a hurry and used for refugees. They are very light and well planned in a way, but no running water except kitchen sink and toilet; no light at night and no way to wash clothes as far as I could see. Of course these refugees are terribly crowded in them. Paris was in the act of building a number of these when the war broke out, homes for one couple and for families with from one to

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four children only. Two big tenements are for tubercular families.

There is no doubt of the need of the work here; there is so much to be done that it is bewildering.

The work is going much more smoothly, many tangles have been straightened out.

Paris, Sept. 12, 1917.

To A. G.

I received your letter today saying you were sending me some money. Of course it is for me to spend for other people, the need for a special fund is so great. I suppose Red Cross red tape cannot be avoided when things come up. For instance, I gave $30.00 the other day to a Presbyterian Hospital nurse who has given her services since the beginning of the war to a place for children at Evian. She has never had any proper dispensary equipment. Dr. Lucas is going to take over the place but it may take two months to get it through. The poor woman seemed so tired and discouraged.

Paris, Sept. 16, 1917.

To A. G.

I was glad to get your news of Miss Johnson.

In all my travels I havn't seen a place which compared in charm to our Neighborhood House, or a nurse who could hold a candle to Miss Johnson. But tell her she is not needed over here, she might be dumped in one little corner and made to kick her heels for months or she might be overworked doing things other people could do better.

I doubt if much fighting will take place between now and Spring, when our men are expected to come and take the brunt of it. Do refer enough to my letters when you write to let me know that you receive them, it is discouraging to write these long letters and never know whether they arrive or not.

Yes, to answer one of your questions, that account in The "Times" was of our adventure. It was most exciting, in fact, the whole voyage was really thrilling. After the first two days

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out we came into a heavy fog and I can assure you that it was not comfortable going slowly through it with all lights out. I felt much more nervous about that than I did over the actual attack of the submarine which took place when we were seven days out, two days before we reached Belfast. We were awakened by firing at 7 a. m. I jumped up and began to put on the costume which I had decided on, black tights and a sweater with my skirt just hung on to me by one hook, so that I could drop it quickly. It was a bright, beautiful morning. The noise of the big guns which we were carrying was terriffic. Well, we very quickly arrived at the saloon where all the passengers were shut up. I popped little Miss Gilder into one of those awful rubber suits and locked her in, they have huge metal clasps; then I put on one of the ship's preservers which I had decided to take my chances in, having been told that the rubber suits took up the place of three people in a boat. I have written all this before but you write that the pages were torn out.

The exchange of shots lasted thirty minutes. We fired forty and the enemy fifty-five, many of which broke over us and close beside. We literally ran away and when we were out of gun shot, went down and ate our breakfast as if nothing had happened.

I was really more nervous in the Irish Channel when we were carefully making our way over mines with possible submarines at any minute, but this seems like ancient hisotry.

Morlaix, Sept. 19, 1917.

To A. G.

I wrote you such a blue, discouraged letter Sunday that I am quite ashamed of myself today and hope that both letters reach you the same day. I have been here with Mrs. Post for four days and feel like a different person. She has organized a wonderful piece of work here in Brittany which shows that women of our age are still young enough to be of some use in the world. I won't tell you about her work because I will write a report of it for Dr. Lucas and I will send you a copy.

You have been in my thoughts more than ever if possible

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since I have been here because I know that you love Brittany. Through the district nurses I have gotten into the heart of the country in the short time I have been here, in a way that I might not have done for months as a tourist. I have gone right into their homes, into houses built in the 14th century, too interesting and quaint for words, and filled with old carved furniture and wonderful clocks and china even in the homes of the poorest peasants.

We have found them squatting on the ground before an open fire, the whole family eating from a big iron pot in the center. The nurses have taught them the danger of the infected ones eating from the same bowl and actually taught them to boil their own bowls and spoons. I was surprised to find how successful they have been in instructing. Mrs. Post has seven nurses scattered among the small towns near here. It has been very encouraging to me to feel that my coming has been a real help to Mrs. Post, who, before she undertook this work, a little less than a year ago, knew absolutely nothing about district nursing and was not even interested in it. She was working with Dr. Carrell, she had brought over a unit of six nurses to help him. Dr. Carrell became interested in the tuberculosis problem of France. Eminent French doctors met at his hospital to discuss the subject. They managed to get through some good tuberculosis laws and then the French Commissioners begged Mrs. Post to start the ball rolling. She first positively declined, but when they returned several months later for her help again, she very reluctantly consented and came here because it was the most infected spot in France. Miss Maxwell provided her with a nurse who really instructed her in the a-b-c's of district work. The nurse was obliged to leave her about six months ago and she has been groping ahead ever since, reading books and getting practical experience. You can imagine how glad she is to have such a sympathetic visitor as I am.

Coming as I have from an office where any knowledge or experience I hay have counts for nothing, it is a double pleasure to me to study Mrs. Post's methods which are admirable, and to give her suggestions which are helpful. For instance, she is converting an old place into a combination day camp for 150 people and hospital for research work. I was able

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to plan for her the best places for her awnings, etc. Her idea had been that the more wind they were exposed to the better. She was just about to build a pavilion, just a roof and floor for a dining room in a most exposed place. I persuaded her not to build anything at present but arrange for the patients to have their meals indoors in a building on the place where they can be warm and comfortable while eating. Then we have had a great time in talking over the possibilities of her farm, 25 acres. of course I am urging Flemish hares, etc. Mrs. Post is very receptive and falls upon every idea with avidity. I am also urging pottery for the day camp people. It seems that the making of pottery has been given up in this neighborhood although the clay comes from here. She is enthusiastic at the idea of reviving the art. She can easily get a good potter to run it.

I have seen such wonderful sun cures that I want to take off all the clothes of the children at the Farm and expose them to the sun. It has to be done with a good deal of care at first, gradually increasing the length of exposure.

Sunday, Sept. 22

I couldn't finish my letter at Morlaix, and here I am on the Paris train leaving Quimpere where we have been for two days. Mrs. Post returned to Morlaix last night. She has really done wonders here and of a permanent nature. It is the best single piece of public health work I ever seen done. I am charmed with Brittany, find the people much more attractive than the other French peasants I have seen, much cleaner, and of course, their costumes are fascinating. Yesterday was market day. I couldn't tear myself away from the spot. The women and little girls all wear black, except their caps. The day war was declared all colors were put away, but men wore bright colored jackets and mixed with the Zouaves in bright red and the sailors with their blue collars and red pompons, the market place was a gay sight.

My entire trip interested me, it was such an opportunity to go into the homes of the peasants. Millie would have gone

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crazy over the furniture, and as for Mrs. Griffith (Adelaide), she would have forcibly removed much of it. The simplest peasants' homes filled with carved furniture trimmed with shining brass, wonderful old clocks and china, or rather pottery, not much of the last.

We paid nursing visits in houses dating from the 14th century, all spotlessly clean. The people speak very little French, so it makes the work more difficult. Mrs. Post has several nurses who speak Breton. The patients really follow out instructions. They have 420 cases in the little town of Morlaix. They do no nursing except dressings; the idea being that they had to choose between real nursing and educational work—as it was impossible to do both. They teach one thing at a time, don't take the second step until the first is learned. For instance they don't at one and the same visit tell patients to guard sputum, open the windows, not drink coffee, to sleep alone, to boil their dishes, etc.

We motored from village to village where the dispensaries are established, five in all, each village quainter than the last, all the surrounding country highly cultivated and all by women who work so hard they can no longer nurse the babies, and although it is a dairy country, such poor care is taken of the cows' milk that no one thinks of using milk that has not been boiled. I told Mrs. Post that until they tackled the milk and water question I thought their fight against tuberculosis was a hopeless one. There is more tuberculosis in Brittany than in any other part of France.

Another fascinating sight was a pilgrimage to a "Pardon," as they call it. The mass was held in the open air, the altar being over a spot where some miracle was performed. It was touching to see the crowd of women and men in their quaint costumes kneeling there under the trees praying for France, and their boys at the front. The last call has been made for boys from 17 to 19.

I met the man who is the Grenfell of this coast. He has established hospitals, reading rooms, etc. I am returning to Paris renewed for the fray.

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Paris, September 26, 1917.

To A. G.

Since my return to Paris things have been very quiet as Dr. Lucas is away—the office is like a lull after a storm—not that he is at all stormy. On the contrary he is very quiet, but it means such a rush of business. You see our bureau is quite different from what Dr. Lucsa or any one expected. All the children's work in France has been thrust upon him, sick and well. He has to investigate and decide on all the aid given to already organized societies. It is really a herculean task. While our supplies, nurses, etc., are en route I am helping in this. I am happier now having something definite to do.

The Finistere report will give you an idea of it. Of course it is not constructive work but I am glad to do something really useful.

I am to inspect orphan asylums next week. I spend much time interviewing women. I think every misfit in France is steered to me and there are many. There is a whole group of people over here I really feel sorry for, they came a year or two ago as volunteers paying all their own expenses, now money has given out and they are stranded. The majority don't know enough French to be useful in our work, the army doesn't want them, the canteen people won't support them, as they can get shoals of non-pay people and here they are, some very clever, capable girls. Just at present France is overstocked with army nurses. There has been so little fighting, some are being released to us, so far we have only landed one through the red tape but hope for more.

Paris, October 9, 1917.

To A. G.

I am going to send you at least a short letter before leaving for Evian, where we are opening a big "œuvre," as it is called here; it is really a tremendous undertaking to get going all at once. We have a big villa there with smaller houses attached for the nurses homes, etc. The hospital and dispensary are to be there, the dispensary to be open both day and night, as one

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train comes in at night. The idea is that we are to examine the children physically when they arrive; poor little things, more for them to go through at the end of their long, tragic journey, but it seems necessary. They arrive in such filthy condition that they have to be fumigated before they can be touched. We are to have a beautiful convalescent home at Lyon, a gift to the city before the war, but which has never been opened. I am full of enthusiasm because I see hopes of organizing the work. If there are any available French nurses in San Francisco who speak French, do make them telegraph to Miss Noyes. I would prefer the French than all the public health experience in the world. Public health work is really out of the question here pro tem. I am picking up some nurses from the army, who have been over here three years.

Evian les Bains, October 12, 1917.

To L. McL.

Each time here in France you imagine that you have witnessed the depths of misery until you take the next step. It would be impossible for me with my poor descriptive powers to give you any picture of the arrival of the trains here twice a day bringing in "rapatriés" from Belgium. These poor creatures arrive 500 at a time night and morning. You can imagine how dirty and tired they are after three days and nights on the crowded trains, no sleeping accommodations, the trains filled with paralyzed and decrepit old people and babies and children, up to twelve years. This morning an Old People's Home arrived, 150 old men, mostly blind and paralyzed. I carried two paralytic children from the train. As the train approaches the station the women lean out, wave and shout, "Vive la France!"

We have eight American ambulances here to meet the trains so the march to the Casino is not so painful as it was. The poor people have taken these long painful journeys three times, first from their village to another French town, then to Belgium, from Belgium here, and now they say "What next?"

So many children get lost in the crowd and are so terribly frightened. A beautiful little girl arrived last night quite alone,

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a child of ten years, she was so pitifully frightened. It is little girls of that age that the horrors of war seem to have the worst effect on. It often stops their development. They have a strained, frightened look that is most pitiful. It is all wonderfully arranged for them here by the Lyons, a Madame Gilet Motte organized the whole thing. She came when they first began this business to meet her niece, and was so horrified at the tragedy of it all that she has worked day and night ever since for these poor creatures. After leaving the train they are taken to the Casino. Last night it was a heart rending sight to see this long black procession of refugees marching along the winding road laden with bundles and babies, just hobbling along.

The Casino is a huge place where they are all comfortably seated and fed. After dinner or breakfast as it may be the French official appears dressed in evening clothes, high silk hat and tricolor silk scarf with gold fringe around his waist, stands on a platform and makes a stirring speech of welcome, which is received with many tears and shouts of joy, and "Vive la France!" Then the national air is played by a band and the people march out to be ticketed. Each one wears a tag after that until he is finally placed, green tag for "no friends," pink for "relations expecting him somewhere in France," and white for "detained because of illness in his or her family." It is for the latter when it is a child that our hospital and convalescent home is being established. We have the most ideal villa, it was a hotel with modern plumbing. There are three buildings on the place which is on the edge of Lake Geneva. The first is a sort of outdoor pavilion, which will be an ideal place for the sun cure, a little higher up a nurses' home, a small house for servants and on the hill the hospital, which is ideal. We will commence with 100 beds. Mr. Cornelius Bliss is with us on this trip. He returns to Washington to report. He is very much impressed by everything. One would have a heart of stone not to be overcome. I don't know whether I will get to Lyons or not.

I only heard yesterday of Douglas MacMonagle's death. He died, shot through the temple in an air battle—very gallantly.

I wish I could get Frederica Otis over here. She would be a great help. The great difficulty we have is getting people to

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help with the children who speak French. Very few girls care to work with children, the blessés appeal more. For instance, Margaret Robins would be so much more help with children than in the military hospital. There are more people over here for that work than are needed, tell Miss Johnson this and tell her that if she doesn't speak French, she is useless in the children's work. Fortunately my work is organizing, so the French is not so important, I am really making progress.

Evian, October 14, 1917.

To A. G.

I feel so exhausted after my morning's experience that I doubt if I can write much of a letter. I thought yesterday that nothing could be sadder than the sight of these poor families landing at Evian, homeless, penniless, and forlorn, but with joy in their faces at being again in France. The invariable answer is, when you ask them if they are fatigued after their three days of frightful discomfort, "I was, but now I am in France, all fatigue is forgotten." The worst of it is their troubles are anything but at an end. The difficulty of finding them home is almost unsurmountable. When you think of 1,000 people of all helpless ages arriving in one small town every day, you can imagine what it means. If they are not quickly moved on the congestion is terrific, so trains moving them in and moving them out are always being met by a stream of people, nurses, attendants and ambulances. Our ambulance men are doing fine work lifting the helpless in and out of the trains and ambulances.

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Later. On the Paris train, 8 a. m.

I began this letter yesterday, just after meeting the train filled with 680 Belgium children under 12 years. It was the most tragic sight imaginable. Two-thirds of the children were taken from their parents and sent to France to be supported. The majority of the children arrived in a very excited, happy state of mind, shouting "Vive la France!" but many little girls wept bitterly. Little families with the little mother at the head clung together. They marched to the Casino where they were feted and given flags. After a good dinner, the Prefect made a speech of welcome, and then the National Anthem was played. You should have seen that mob of pathetic underfed, grimy, helpless infants, standing on the benches, waving their two flags violently and singing at the tops of their voices. It was a really heart-breaking sight, and quite too much for the older girls who put their heads in their arms and sobbed uncontrolably. These children were facing starvation and their mothers parted with them to save them. They leave Evian this evening to be scattered over France. The Belgian Government has charge of them. I was shocked to see many little boys of six or eight years marching by me calmly smoking cigarettes, and they were all given wine to drink at the dinner.

I left Evian last night at 6 p. m. and had a horrible night, six of us sitting up in a compartment without a breath of air, door and windows tight closed. In the middle of the night we were routed out for a customs examination. Some chocolate was found in my bag which caused much trouble, and in fishing for some money to pay the customs one franc, it was discovered that I had some incriminating letters, so I was marched off by a soldier to another place. My passports were demanded and I was shut up in a little room while the letters were examined. Of course they were nothing, but it was not comfortable as I was alone.

The Swiss frontier is to be closed for ten days. After that I understand the number of French coming in will be doubled.

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Paris, October 15, 1917.

To C. A. S.

I arrived in Paris this morning, perfectly exhausted after sitting up all night fourteen hours in a closed compartment with five other people. We were lucky to get that, many slept on the floor in the corridor.

We are opening a Children's Hospital of 100 beds at Evian. If you could get people to make flannelette nightgowns for us, we would be delighted, direct to Children's Hospital, Evian les Bains, Switzerland, care of American Red Cross. I think I wrote you that one thousand French people from the north of France, who had been deported to Belgium five months ago, arrive daily at Evian. It is a peculiar task to find lodgings for them, after a night or two at Evian and then find homes or friends for them all over France. The majority of them are perfectly helpless people, tiny babies carried oftentimes by sixteen-year-old mothers, Boche babies of course. This has been going on since last February, 500 at 6:30 a. m. and 500 at 7 p. m. French women meet the trains, help the sick and feeble of whom there are many ambulance loads. As you look at this tragic sight poor creatures laden with their pitiful all, baskets filled with strange treasures, you find that it is the survival of the unfit; Germany's gift to France. To add horror to horror, on Sunday 680 Belgium children arrived, some of them were orphans but the majority of them have been taken from their families because their fathers have refused to work for the Germans. The poor little things arrived tired and forlorn after a three days' trip, but shouting at the top of their voices, "Vive la France!" French ladies distributed chocolates to them at the train and then they marched to the Casino, many of the boys singing but the litle girls were frightened and many of them wept. They had a dinner of meat and potatoes, which they considered a great treat with roasted chestnuts, chocolate and wine for dessert. Then the band played their national hymn, which they sang, waving French and Belgium flags, except those who were so overcome by the music that they put their heads on the table and wept. I have never been so overcome in public in my life, men and women sobbed is was so

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dreadful. The children were fairly well dressed but looked under-fed. Mr. Cornelius Bliss made the trip with us, he is on the War Council at Washington. He was very much moved. Our doctor examined all these children during the afternoon, any ill children who come in the future will go either to our hospital or convalescent home. I return Friday to Evian with eleven nurses, I will be there for about two weeks and organize the work. Everything we do here is very difficult as we have to satisfy the French as well as ourselves.

Hopital pour enfants, Hotel du Chatelet,
Evian des Bains, Huate Savoie, France.

October, 1917.

To A. G.

I am putting on the above address in case you have anything to send for the children. As I wrote, flannelette nightgowns will be our great need. I am having a holiday; this is such a beautiful place, at present with no bad sights, as the rapatrié flood has stopped until November 1st, and our hospital has not yet opened. While writing to you, I am listening with one ear to a man who lived in Russia for 25 years, the Czar's dentist, an American, he says that our commission made no impression on Russia. He says that Russia idolizes Roosevelt. It is most interesting to hear his tales of the revolution. He was in Petrograd all through it, the truth is that it was anything but a bloodless revolution. Although the Russian news is bad, the general belief here is that Germany will gain nothing by taking Petrograd, just a longer front to guard.

We took such a wonderful walk yesterday, about ten miles up in the hills behind the Chatelet, almost to the snow line. I have never seen more beautiful autumn foliage, you can imagine it against the snow on one side, the reflection in the lake on the othr, the air is so wonderful that you can walk all day without fatigue. I came here with an awful cold and already feel like a new person. I will be here for two weeks.

I had two letters from you the night I left Paris, I read them at 3 a. m. standing under a lamp in the corridor of the train.

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We have such a fine set of young fellows here, I am fond of them all; our new nurses from America are a particularly fine set of girls. I am wondering and wondering if this is to be a thirty-years' war.

Evian les Bains, October 29, 1917.

To A. G.

Our hospital opened yesterday with a measles case. Every one was excited and ran around. It was quite amusing. Every one said before we opened that it would be difficult to persuade the mothers to part with their children. But already we find that we are being swamped with children. These poor rapatriés seem to have such faith in the Americans that they trust us implicitly.

We have such an interesting nurse here; she has been three years in Serbia and Macedonia. She had typhus twice, there were only two nurses in the hospital; they both had typhus and were nursed by Austrian prisoners. I think she must be the nurse Miss Burke described who found the Serbian boys and marched hundreds of miles with them. Thirty thousand of these boys between the ages of eight and eighteen were enrolled in an army and marched out of Serbia in order to save them. Only 6,000 reached their destination, the rest died of starvation en route. Miss Simmonds is very enthusiastic over the Serbs; she liked the Russians very much, too; she came into intimate contact with the men of six armies; it was a tremendous experience.

Just before leaving Paris I had a most wonderful present; it was a lace sofa cushion made by a French soldier in a hospital. I visited the hospital and admired this lace very much, which one of the men was making. All of the men in the ward were making lace; they had patterns before them which they were copying. The Mother Superior of the place had it made up for me. I think it is so pathetic to see these strong men turned into lace makers.

I wish you would interest some one in making caps for our children to wear when they are being disinfected, it is very necessary.

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We did have such a wonderful trip to Chamonix; arrived there in the first snow storm of the season; it was like a fairy scene—so many trees laden with huge red berries and these covered with snow. The autumn foliage is so beautiful—it makes such a wonderful contrast in the snow. It was hard to realize we were there really because of the war.

I inspected a hotel en route which Dr. Lucas is thinking of for a convalescent home, it is most unsuitable, I think. He has not seen it and probably won't go there after my report.

We are to have a convalescent home near Lyons. I am delighted with our nurses, an unusually fine set of women.

Lyons, November 1, 1917.

To L. McL. and C. A. S.

My present life seems to deal in the unexpected even more than my life at home. After spending a week at Evian helping to organize the new hospital which is open now with twenty patients (we have room for one hundred but no more will come until the rapatriés begin to arrive again), I left for Lyons where we are to have a convalescent home for children. There is a wonderful young woman here who organized all this rapatrié work, Madame Gillet Motte. She became interested in it through meeting one of her young relatives who was sent through, she found the child utterly forlorn, dirty, covered with vermin and unattended by an adult. Madame Gillet's family is very rich. She comes from the north of France. Her father and mother are hostages now, they have been held as such for two and a half years. Well, Madame Gillet undertook the care of all the children who arrive separated from their parents, also the orphans. She has had thousands in her care, at present she has on her hands 1,200 who have not yet been connected with anyone. She has them scattered all over in houses of about 60 beds in each.

Just to give you an idea of some of her troubles, diphtheria developed in one house last week, seven of the children died and at present about forty of them are down with it. The seven died because of bad hospital care, all of the decent medical men are in the army.

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Dr. Lucas expects to turn the German Consulate into a hospital for children, it is next door to the Gillet home.

On my arrival at Lyons I found to my surprise that Dr. Lucas had arrived the same day from Paris with Dr. Richard Cabot, Mr. Devine and half a dozen other doctors. I was so glad to see Dr. Cabot, he is to join our forces and we need him badly. The arrival of that big party has interfered awfully with my work, as we have had to meet the Mayor, be entertained, etc. Yesterday we drove out to the chateau which was left by a rich old lady for a convalescent home for children. I was astounded when I got there to drive through the most beautiful woods, and at the top of the hill find a palace! You never say such a place, 56 rooms, besides the lodge and a central heating system. It is high and overlooks a beautiful country. We found three old servants in charge, all of whom I promptly engaged, to relieve their minds. The butler has been with the family forty-nine years. The house is full of wonderful old carved furniture, tapestries, etc., which belong now to the grandsons who are in the army. I shall select several big rooms and store them pro tem. A housekeeper and assistant arrived this a. m. from Paris, and we shall go to the chateau tomorrow and I will stay with them there a few days to plan it. We have the nurses, the beds are ready and this A. M. I will buy sheets and blankets. Children's night-gowns are our biggest problem, and while I think of it, I am crazy for some caps such as we use at the Farm for disinfect ing heads, just a mob cap made of gingham, pink probably, with good quality elastic in it. Do get some one busy making these.

Lyons, Chateau des Halles, November 4, 1917.

To A. G.

Here I am installed in a palace with a total and entire stranger (Mrs. Holzman), and a French architect as my sole companions. Dr. Lucas left us here yesterday after going over the place in a very formal way, accompanied by a number of French politicians, all dressed in black, long coats and high hats. It was just like a funeral procession and the house cer-

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tainly did seem impossible for the moment. But after a delicious lunch prepared by the Chateau's cook and served by the maitre d'hotel, we felt encouraged to go ahead.

We have really worked out a very good, feasible plan, which practically shuts off half of the house which is not heated. This place is really a palace, 56 rooms without counting farm houses, stables, etc., 300 acres. It was given to the city of Lyons by an old woman who gave it in a time of mental depression. Nothing could be more unsuitable than it is for a children's home. It is built in the style of 50 years ago, perfectly hideous, huge rooms with ceilings three stories in height.. We can put 27 beds in the dining room. Mrs. Holzman, who is here with me, is a treasure, a queer combination of artist (a singer), and very practical, has run girls' camps in the Adirondacks.

We have planned all kinds of things for this place including an Xmas entertainment for the village children, and district nursing—there are any number of little villages near by and not a doctor. Mrs. Holzman is a very capable woman. We can't really do anything towards getting the chateau in order until the heir to the furniture arrives and selects what he wants. It is awfully pathetic, the house is full of relics of the past with no one to claim them. One stumbles across children's building blocks, uniforms of the young officer who went down in a submarine, and all kinds of little things which make one realize how uncertain life is, to think that these precious mementos are being put aside by strange Americans.

Monday.

There is a beautifully kept farm in connection with the place, 17 cows, chickens, which of course pleases me, hot houses, rose gardens, walled fruit and heavens knows what. I didn't take time to really investigate it all.

We returned to Lyons in order to see Dr. Lucas before his return to Evian. He was delighted with our plan for the arrangement of the house, which really is very good. We all dined together. The young doctor arrived, who is to have charge of the place.

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Paris, November 10, 1917.

To L. McL. and C. A. S.

You can imagine my disappointment when I returned from Lyons after a three weeks' absence to find that I had missed a visit from Loyall, I felt like crying. One of the hardest things over here is that we are so cut off from those we love. It is a comfort to me to know that Dick and Loyall are on the same continent with me. My birthday letter to Dick arrived on the day of his birthday and the cigarettes right after, which seemed to please him.

So many of the big doctors are arriving here from home that I am wondering if there are any left. You both write about children's clothes so I am going to answer together: We need bloomers for all ages up to 12 years: rompers, mob caps (with good elastic) for disinfecting heads; aprons, high neck, long sleeves, NOT black; woolen stockings if possible, for winter; flanelette night gowns, all sizes to 10 years; sweaters, dark colors to pull over the head, with sleeves; woolen dresses (could be made of old material). I want a large supply of boys' overalls but I think I will have to have them made here. I am determined to introduce our overall to the French boy. The black satine apron he wears with heavy wood soled shoes is enough to discourage any boy from having a good rough game. The children rarely play hard. I have watched them carefully all over France; now I have decided that their dress has much to do with it.

Madame Gilet is enthusiastic over the overall idea and has begged me for a pattern which she will have made out of khaki in her husband's factory. It is the ideal garment for the sun treatment, just cut the trousers very short and there you are with a perfectly modest, simple garment. Half of the Frnech boys in Paris have already discarded the apron for the boy scout uniform, introduce the overall and the nation is reformed!

I think I have made enough suggestions to last some little time, keep you all busy for the winter knowing that neither of you have anything to do but make children's clothes for me, but be sure that you carefully mark anything you send to the "Children's Hospital," Evian les Bains, Hotel Chalelet of American Red Cross.

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I was glad to leave Lyons, it is the most doleful city I ever was in, worse than Chicago, the same atmosphere, black and grimy, the sun never shines there. It really should be very beautiful, as it has two big rivers flowing through it, and lovely hills around, but the factory smoke combined with the river fogs casts a gloom over everything.

Tomorrow I begin lessons with a French Countess who is a very sweet, attractive woman, whom Dr. Lucas has given a position as translator in our office, although she speaks little English. I worked out a French method which I thought would help her English and my French at the same time. For instance, "Everyone" "Tout le monde," she was to read the English and I the French. When I suggested this she said, "No, it is impossible, for you do not speak English, you speak American." Well, I let that pass without argument, saying, "Perhaps not, but our written English is the same, we learn from the same literature." "Ah!" she replied, "mais les Anglais n'ont pas une literature." When I tell this story to an English woman she laughs heartily at the first part and I am sure agrees, but when I finish the story she is way up in the air and furious. It is quite amusing to watch their "re-action" as Dr. Lucas would say.

I have met a type of English man and woman whom I find most congenial and admire very much, "The Friends." They, without question, continue to do, and have done the best work in France since the beginning of the war. Men and women, they turn their hand to whatever comes. A fine young fellow is at this very moment installing the new plumbing for us in the chateau near Lyons. He has become an intimate friend of the priest in the village where he is working and keeps his organ in repair for him.

Dr. Hilda Clark is the moving spirit of the society. She lives at this club, The Lyceum, when she is in Paris so I know her well. She is ill now and in England.

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Paris, November 12, 1917.

To E. E. S.

Last week I was at Lyons en route for Paris from Evian-les-Bains, where we have a wonderful hospital for children. I spent a night at Chamonix and thought of you. Isn't it beautiful there? We arrived in a slight snowstorm, just enough to make the place look like a fairy scene; the trees were all bright red or yellow, some with huge bunches of red berries hanging from them; you can imagine the effect in the snow. But I am a hoodoo traveling. I seem a suspicious character. I am always held up. The last time I came through Bellegarde I was arrested twice, at midnight, too, just for smuggling chocolate. No one told me it was dutiable and after I had shown my passports, paid duty, explained, etc., it was discovered that I was carrying letters through to Paris, another excitement.

I was shut up in a small room, scared to death and expecting to be put through the third degree when I was smilingly released. Well, last week I avoided all these sins but when I showed my passport, they shook their heads, asked if I had come from Switzerland and put me aside for further investigation. It makes one so nervous as I hear so many stories of women being put up against a wall and shot. Think of that happening to Auntie! I have come to the conclusion that the trouble all lies in the fact that I was born in Stockton. That place has always been a curse to me. I believe they see Stockton and think Stockholm. When my bag was opened last time a woman inspector accused me of carrying quantities of tobacco; it was really only packages of punk, which I assured her were to warm my feet with! After much smelling and almost chewing, she was persuaded to let it through without duty. It sounds very funny afterwards but I assure you it is no joke to be yanked out of line at midnight, and it always is midnight, to be investigated by three excited Frenchmen in a strange tongue. I don't attempt to make explanations. I just repeat "Non Suisse, je suis ete a Evian." They almost shake me sometimes, but I feel helpless before the mystery of my passport, carnet rouge, identification cards, etc. I just hand them out and let them talk. An English speaking Frenchman came to the rescue last night and showed them how foolish they were.

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I was traveling on a military transportation and all that fuss! But I evidently have the countenance of a spy and a plotter.

I am sending the above which I wrote to Dick McLaren. I thought Mr. Sloss would be amused at my adventures. The most extraordinary things happen to me. Every time I return from a trip the entire office hangs on my words as I always have something queer happen to me. But events march so rapidly here that one event quickly pushes another into the background and I fear much of interest will be forgotten before my return, which at present looks far in the future. These are very black days but everyone here is so cheerful and philosophical that I won't write a gloomy letter—we simply must bear what comes.

Wednesday.

The news is so discouraging this morning that I can think of nothing else. The guns are turned on Venice, it is really unbearable. There is every prospect that I will go to Rome soon with Dr. Lucas. Two of our staff leave for Italy tonight to take a look, we never say the word "survey."

We are turning the German Consulate at Lyons into a Children's Hospital, a good use to make of it.

It would make your heart ache to see the little rapatriés arrive at Evian on Lake Geneva. We have a children's hospital there of one hundred beds. Twelve hundred of these poor people arrive every day, carrying their poor pitiful little treasures under their arms. Of course the most tragic ones are those who are separated from their families. I saw with my own eyes six hundred and eighty Belgian boys and girls come through, two-thirds of whom had been taken from their mothers, you can't imagine the pathos of the scene of their arrival. I just lifted up my voice and wept. I really saw red and for the first time felt that I would like to be behind a gun and do all the damage I could to the soulless destroyer of home and family. This war on helpless babes is too much, just think of our children's refuge at Toul, where we have given shelter to four hundred and fifty children under eight years of age. We have been obliged to put up black curtains at all the windows so that the night lights kept burning in the wards will not be seen

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by the German air planes, they select by preference hospitals and children's refugee camps, isn't it unbelievable!

We are gathering around us here such a fine set of men and women, but I can't help realizing when I see them arrive how deeply they will be missed and needed at home, the world supply of such people is not enough to go round.

My two dear nephews are over here and I can't decide which is the finer, so different in type, both Bayards, "sans peur, et sans reproche." Think that each may at any moment meet his end and all for what? Liberty and truth, I hope.

I love to think of your peaceful country life, working side by side with your dear children, conserving the fruits of the earth, not destroying them. It is so heartbreaking to see all the orchards which have been ruthlessly destroyed by the retreating enemy, and now beautiful Italy is to be destroyed. I really can think of nothing else today, it is uppermost in my thoughts.

Paris, November 15, 1917.

To A. G.

I hope to visit the "Friends" place at Chalons before my return. I am more impressed with them than with any people over here. They really show the fruit of Christian teaching, and they refuse to fight; as men and women they are a devoted band. The women make this club their Paris headquarters, so I see quite a little of them. They all show a spiritual quality which I see in no other English or Americans. These people have certainly suffered for their faith, for I think they had a hard time in England at first; now everyone respects their splendid work. Dr. Lucas has backed them up in every way; he is sending doctors to them now, and I hope later on I can get them nurses as well.

The trouble about Christianity it seems to me is, that we choose the part of Christ's teaching which suits our convenience and leave the rest. There are few who are ready to really lay down their lives for their faith.

I stumbled across another settlement in Paris just by chance. The moving spirit is Mdlle de Rose, a descendant of an uncle of Jeanne d'Arc. Her mother is a duchess, very wealthy, influential people. Mdlle de Rose conceived the idea twelve years ago of going into a poor quarter of Paris to live. She

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has been teaching every week in a sewing school in this quarter, the 5th arrondissement, near the Latin quarter. The friend under whom she was working died, leaving her work to her as a legacy. She left home (an unheard of thing in France) and there she has lived ever since, contributing every penny of her income to her work. She has built quite a wonderfully planned tenement, she does not know it is a "model tenement"; a home for working girls, also wonderfully planned; conducts all kinds of recreational work; has a chorus of three hundred voices, and since the war has branched out into an Agricultural Home for Orphans. But before I get on to that subject, I must tell you of her trousseaux. When the girls go to work and leave her younger sewing classes, a trousseau is started for them. All the materials are provided for all kinds of under garments, bed linen, etc., which is left in a locker at the settlement. They have no name for their work and have never published a report, although large sums of money have been given them to spend. Mlle. de Rose has evolved from her own brain, common sense, experience and ingenuity, a wonderful placing out system for children. She forms families of not more than twelve, all ages, places them on a farm in charge of a motherly woman and there brings them up normally. These farms are self-supporting, all being under the direct, scientific management of a practical farmer. They bought the land and are rapidly paying off the mortgages on it. She has at present about twelve of these farm colonies under her supervision and is increasing them rapidly. Her right hand is a Miss Hopkins, an American woman who turns over her entire income to the place, and the day I saw her she was wearing rubber overshoes because she had no shoes. Their rule is never to ask others for money while they have a cent left of their own. As far as I could discover, it is the only rule they have. I have no doubt that I shall find many more French women of this same stamp, but they are so modest about what they do that it is difficult to unearth them.

It is this quality that appeals to me in the French more than any other; but it is really very inefficient in a way because they have no co-operation. I am sure that sixteen "oeuvres" as they call them, help one family, except that they do work in districts.

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Read this letter to our circle if you think it will interest them. I hope they are sewing for my babies, do not kill yourselves over model kits, use what you have. I can see little difference between the clothes of the French children and our own, anything will do.

Nancy, November 23, 1917.

To A. G.

While waiting for Dr. Knox to make a formal call upon Madame Mirman, the prefect's wife, I hope to start a letter to you. We have had a fine trip together. After inspecting Toul, we came on to Nancy where we found a most cordial welcome. Monsieur Mirman, the prefect, is a very unusual man and so lovely and simple, as all really big people are. I wish you could have seen him stand before the infant class in one of his refuge schools and go through all the motions with the children, of one of those kindergarten songs—it was really touching—and so unconscious of our presence. He is so eager for our help for his dear children and most appreciative. I talked over with him the possibility of introducing play ground workers, and he jumped at the idea. We arranged for another series of dispensaries with a center from which to work at Luneville, we now have one at Nancy which is supported by the American Fund for French Wounded (Chicago), but under our supervision.

Dr. Brown had fifty patients in one small town yesterday and was obliged to turn away twenty. Our boys are camped all about here. Yesterday we saw one who was wounded and who had received the croix de guerre. All of his comrades were so proud of him. When I entered the ward filled with our wounded, a lump came into my throat, a different feeling from any one has when visiting other hospitals.

The most really shocking thing I have seen was in one of these towns which is constantly under shall fire. The little cemetery is a complete wreck. The graves have literally been rent asunder and the coffins lie exposed to the naked eye.

We visited a baker (a woman) who lives and bakes in a house the top of which is quite gone, just a mass of débris and the back all gone. The oven is still intact and when the bombardment is too severe she retires to her oven for protection!

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She had a big bowl of chrysanthemums on the counter and a man next door was making delicious chocolate creams between bombardments, as it were. It is all so extraordinary.

Chalons-Sur-Marne, November 23, 1917.

Dr. Knox and I arrived here last night to inspect the Friends' work. They have a maternity hospital which they opened in December, 1914. You can't imagine anything more uncomfortable than the way in which they live, so over crowded, every inch given up to the babies. I consider Miss Pye a real heroine, and such a sweet, lovely, gentle woman, with big black intelligent eyes. Dr. Lucas has been so impressed by her. He has got the Red Cross to give them lots of money. We are financing a "baby house" for them, an old chateau where refugee babies under 3 years are kept.

Dr. Knox is thrilled by his trip, the first he has seen of the war zone. He is to have this district under his care. A series of First Aid stations will be established all along the line with hospitals in the rear to send the really sick to. I feel so hopeful for the future of this district. We will do real district work now. I think I wrote you that the traveling shower was ours!

Lyons, November 30, 1917.

To L. McL.

I have just come in from our convalescent home 30 miles from Lyons. It is in beautiful order. I was quite surprised to find what had been accomplished in three and a half weeks, plumbing installed, walls protected very cleverly, carpets up, floors polished; in fact, an inconveniently arranged palace made into a comfortable hospital because the children there are not really convalescent. It is such a pleasure to see the children installed, to have that impossible place put to such a good use. We have there a splendid co-operative set of workers, all pulling together.

Little Hannah Hobart is getting on well and happily at Evian, she is a little trump.

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Lyons, December 1, 1917.

To E. E. S.

Just a line to wish you all the blessings of the season. This is not intended to be a letter, just a greeting, as I feel that I must be in touch with my best friends at this time.

I have just come from our convalescent home which is located in a palace, I call it, such a contrast to the Hill Farm, but not nearly so well fitted up for children's use, although as there are lovely woods close by, I am sure that the children will have a happy time there in the summer and this is to be a permanent place, so it is a pleasure to fit it up comfortably.

I am in Paris very little, just a few days at a time, but I have time on Sundays to see friends. I won't mar my Xmas letter by writing of gloomy things, so it must be brief as nothing is very cheerful here at present, although the Germans seem to be checked in Italy. Our bureau may extend its activities to Rome, in which case I will probably be sent there, I don't mean permanently. My work is intensely interesting, in fact quite exciting, as I have to fly from one spot to another adjusting difficulties which are really generally very simple tangles which untrained people have become involved in. I am always welcomed with open arms which is a pleasant side of it, and have so far managed to be a traveling interference without being hated by everyone.

We have at present about 600 children under our direct care whom we house, feed and clothe, besides those under the care of the doctors and nurses in about ten dispensaries. We open a big welfare center in Paris January 1st with the Rockefeller Institute people, who are launching a big tuberculosis campaign.

Paris, December 11, 1917.

To A. G.

As I have a bad cold and cough fortunately it is Sunday. I shall go to the American church this morning. This certainly is a beastly climate; one day of sunshine in four weeks so far. Just damp, cold, thick black penetrating fog. I have had three bad colds since I left home, although otherwise I am very well.

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Everyone here is busy over the soldier's presents. This club is the center of the packing. You can imagine what it means to get off 200,000 packages. I have been contributing nurses to the work, ten this week. It takes nurses or anyone in fact, about one week to get out of Paris after reaching here, so I have set them to work in the interim with the A. F. F. W., (Mrs. Lathrop), which is good for co-operation. I can often help in ways of that kind here where most of the R. C., although doing splendid work in their own pursuits, do not realize how much is going on outside. I chum with all kinds of people, exchanging ideas and workers with them. My cosmopolitan bringing up is very useful to me. It seems to me that San Francisco people have more ramifications than any other people in the world.

Evelyn Preston, Ralph Preston's daughter, is Miss Byrnes' chum. She is working awfully hard in Dr. Lambert's office. I think these young girls deserve a lot of credit for this hard office work they are doing, typing from morning to night.

I hope to have an Xmas Eve dinner for the young people and there is some chance that Dick may get off for it; and another dinner on Xmas Day for forlorn nurses who may be stranded in Paris. I will go to the American church in the morning, Madame Gotz has invited me to lunch. Major Murphy gathered us all together yesterday, the sixth months' anniversary of the starting of the Red Cross in France. It is really quite wonderful what has been accomplished, a herculean task has been undertaken and well organized. As he said, each of us sees only the defects of his part in the organization and can not see the result as a whole. I think we have accomplished in our bureau a great deal in the short time since it was organized, just four months. We have four hospitals and twelve dispensaries with about 15 doctors and 100 nurses and aides at work, besides the Paris office, which investigates and passes on the claims of every children's society in France, orphan asylum creches, etc. I am afraid this sounds boastful, but you can have no idea of the terribly discouraging times we have; the nurses nearly go mad with the difficulties, for instance, Dr. Baldwin at Nesle in the war zone has been running three dispensaries and a hospital for two months without gauze, alcohol, or night gowns. Fortunately, I have been able

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to supply things from time to time out of funds which have been sent me, in fact, I bought night gowns for the above place and put them in a nurse's trunk. Express simply never arrives in the war zone, except for the army.

Paris, Sunday, Dec. 15, 1917.

To A. G.

I have had such a quiet and uneventful week that there is very little to write you about today. Two American mails have come in without a letter from you though I am sure you have written. We seem to live only for the mails. We share our letters and are interested in those from total strangers.

I am going to drag the sadness out of Xmas day by having two dinners; one on Xmas Eve, one on Xmas day. One for Miss Byrne and the young people and the other for the nurses and any aides who may be here at that time. It is possible that Dr. Lucas may return on the 22d, unless he gets an extended leave from the U. C. Dr. Knox will carry out his plans, he straightened out my department which is now running like clockwork and everyone happy.

I must tell you one thing which we all feel pretty much the same about and that is our feeling about the war. We feel that in the future (I mean by next spring), if the war continues, all our efforts should be directed toward the men. I think it will be more and more difficult to get over here and those of us who are here must turn to, for our army. It is our first obligation. I do not know which I consider the most important; the social or nursing side of it. They are both vital. If the men are not looked after morally, what hope have we in the future of the race? Our men beg for help; they constantly stop me, a total stranger, on the street and beg me to do something. The Y. M. C. A. has taken hold splendidly, but the job is a gigantic one. I would not urge Dr. Blake to come over except in the spring with the army, then every available man will be needed.

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Paris, December 26, 1917.

To Willing Circle.

Your "round-robin" was fine, it came about a week ago, but I played fair and didn't read a line until early Christmas morning. I was very lucky, because all my Xmas letters came on time, at least I think they did, but there may be more en route which I sincerely hope to be the case, as letters from home are my only consolation. You see no one really tells you the same things, so in order to get all the news you long for, you have to piece the news together.

It is really quite funny about the family news, each one takes so for granted that some one else has told the real item of interest that no one does anything but refer casually to it or if they do the letters all go down.

We have been quite worried about one of our doctors, Dr. Knox. He had an operation for appendicitis three days ago, is doing well, but we had quite a scare about him. We are like one big family here, it is really quite remarkable that so many people can be collected together so indiscriminately and work together so harmoniously. There are about twenty people in the Paris office and about one hundred and ten outside and all pulling together. In fact, you can feel proud of our whole Red Cross organization over here. Of course mistakes are made and I have no doubt but lots more will be made, but we have two fine men at the head, Major Murphy and Major Perkins, and their spirit pervades the whole organization. I think they have accomplished marvels in the short space of time, just six months—we have been here four.

I am writing thus fully on this subject because I have no doubt but that you will hear much adverse criticism, but simply don't believe it. I have never seen harder working or more sincere people than are here in the Red Cross, and they are directed by men of a high order of intelligence. We all get discouraged at times, but at present Paris is very hopeful of the outcome of the war, victory and peace in the near future. We can at least all hold the thought.

You will most of you be interested to know that I went to the opera last Saturday night with Mrs. Coit, escorted by Willie Gwin, who is doing fine work with A. F. F. W. I have, by the

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way, joined the staff of the latter. I am to make inspections for them of French military hospitals which I will do when I pass them en route on my other inspections. This is an example of Red Cross co-operation with other societies.

New Year's Day, 1918.

To E. E. S.

This is New Year's Day and I am sorry that I can not drop in upon your happy little family today and wish you all the blessings for the coming year.

Your New Year's letter reached me last night and I was more touched than I can tell you, to receive the Mothers' Club contribution. You must tell them how pleased I was, but I will write myself to thank them. I have had many touching evidences that my friends, both high and lowly, have not forgotten me this Christmas time. A letter from the old doctor at the Farm gave such a graphic account of affairs there that I could hear the pigs squeak. She says they put up apricots and blackberries, I am wondering what you did with all the fruit you canned. You say you and Mr. Sloss wept over my letters, well, I am not going to tell you one sad thing in this. For the day I will try to forget the sadness of the world. I have established an Emergency Fund with the various gifts which have been sent me, some of the men in the office hearing of it have contributed. We are supporting out of it a little family of five until the father has sufficiently recovered from an operation to support them. The news of this help was the mother's New Year's gift, wasn't that nice? (She has a baby two months old.) I also got a few toys for her children. It is really very difficult for the Red Cross to take care of individual cases.

I had such a nice Xmas, twenty-five letters, wasn't that fine? They made me feel happier than I have been since my arrival. It is nice to know that you are not forgotten. One feels sometimes over here so completely overwhelmed by the terrors of life that you can hardly believe that friends at home are just the same faithful stand-bys as ever. I certainly am blessed in my friends, they are such worthwhile people, all true blue.

I am deeply interested in the Y. M. C. A. work. They are doing wonders for the morals of the men. I only regret that

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the officers are excluded from their recreation centers. Dick and Loyall Sewall say they look with longing eyes at the brightly lighted places and stand out in the cold to listen to the music. I suppose that will develop later.

I might as well tell you now that deeply as I am interested in the children, and you know how my heart goes out to them, my deepest interest is with our boys, Dick and Loyall and their friends give me such a vivid picture of camp life, the cold hard times, homesick days and the general misery of it all, that I know that if the time comes when the hospitals are overflowing with our men and nurses are needed for them, all the French babies in the world won't keep me from them. After all, blood is thicker than water, and these boys are our very own. And they are such young boys, most of them, so carefree and happy. I went with one of them the other day to choose toys for the Xmas tree the regiment was having for the children of the town. He was so young and enthusiastic. I wondered if he would see another Xmas. The regiment that Loyall Sewall is in is infantry. It is considered to be the most dangerous branch of the service. He has already been under fire, had three men killed at his side and has been into No Man's Land.

Now I thank God the snow has stopped the slaughter for a time and peace may come before spring. It is our only hope. Here I am talking tragedies which I swore not to mention, but one always comes to the vital things at last.

I have been up till 11 p. m. every night filling soldiers' Christmas bags, 300,000 were filled for ours and the French.

Paris, January 7, 1918.

To A. G. at Red Cross Headquarters.

Your notice of the sixth of December, stating that you had forwarded a case of children's clothing to the Children's Bureau, Paris, was received by me today. The selection is very good and I feel sure will fill a real need. We find warm night gowns for children quite impossible to secure here, wouldn't it be possible to divert the work from baby kits for a time?

I wish you had seen the joy with which your Xmas bags

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were received. They did not go after all to men in a hospital as Mrs. Vail advised me to give them to men leaving for the trenches as they suffer so from the cold, you know the bags contained woolen socks which I had made by refugee women. The men were so pleased with the writing paper, I saw some of them counting the sheets. The poilu certainly is a most appealing being, he is so simple and pathetic to me. Yesterday was the feast of the Epiphany, so a special send-off was given the men going to the front. It is wonderful to see the spirit with which the French women conduct their canteens after all these weary years of war. I wonder if we will work with the same enthusiastic spirit at the end of three long years if we are called upon to do it. The room, last night, was so attractively decorated, good food was served and the final touch given when cigarettes were freely distributed. I wish you could have heard 200 men sing the simple peasant songs and clap their hands in unison. The singing of the Marseillaise was, of course, the grand finale, it was splendid, just sent shivers up and down your spine, knowing that many of the men will never return to their homes.

We all regret that we are to lose Major Murphy who, being a West Point man, is returning to the army where all men of sense are needed. I am glad he is going but sorry to have him leave us.

Hoel Vouillemont, 15 Rue Boissy D'Anglas
(Place de la Concorde)

Paris, January 20, 1918.

To J. S.

My impulse upon receiving your nice letter containing the check from Mrs. Heller was to sit down and write you immediately I received it, New Year's Eve, and here it is almost the last of January and your letter not acknowledged yet. But as you know, I lead a very strenuous life and even Sundays are not free as I have a French lesson early in the morning, then church and in the afternoon try to help with the soldiers tea parties. They are so hungry for the sound of an American woman's voice that it is pathetic. When I travel I am con-

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stantly stopped by our men who beg me just to speak to them. On one occasion I used a slang expression to one of them and he just slapped his leg in delight, saying, "That's the stuff—that's what I like to hear." It is so pathetic to me. One fellow stopped one of our nurses on the street and after a few preliminary words asked her if she would mind if he read his mother's letter to her.

Really, a great deal is done to fill this need both by the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A., but they don't begin yet to touch it. It is all such a colossal task. General Wood, who took me off to lunch the other day, predicts that we will need 50,000 nurses before this awful thing is over. I am very much excited and overcome at present over the description a girl gave me of hundreds of Serbian discharged prisoners she had seen with her own eyes while visiting the hospitals who have tuberculosis of the glands of the neck, which extends down the shoulder to the arm. These men were captured by the Austrians, inoculated with tuberculosis and then discharged. Isn't it unbelievable? I would not believe it but from an eye witness. Their case is very pitiful as they get no allowance as the French soldiers do, so they can't even buy a cigarette.

My sister's boy, Loyall Sewall, has just been transferred to the tank service, doesn't that sound terrible? I am afraid my heart and thoughts are more with our men these days than with the poor pitiful French babies, although all my work is for them. We simply can't keep up with the demands on us. I am desperate for nurses.

Paris, January 27, 1918.

To A. G.

This has been a very intense week, full of excitements of all kinds. I hardly know how to begin the chronicle. Our work is increasing by leaps and bounds. This big educational campaign which Dr. Lucas is launching has quite upset the machinery of the bureau. It has, as I wrote you last week, thrown the Paris work into my hands. Between acts I have been trying to supervise their work. It is so far purely a settlement proposition. The settlements themselves haven't the vaguest idea of the duties or possibilities of real district nursng. Their

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so-called visiting nurses are purely and simply social workers. In fact, every one has to be taught.

Fortunately I have a splendid woman, Miss Phelan from Chicago. She is taking hold well, and I feel sure will be a splendid help to me.

We have to double our hospital at Toul to take in the children from other hospitals which are being evacuated to prepare for the big Boche offensive, which is expected any day. Air raids are expected every night on Paris and altogether there is a very tense feeling in the air. I expect to have a very interesting trip, as that region is very active.

Paris, January 28, 1918.

To L. McL. and C. A. S.

I am going to make an effort to write two letters at once as now that you are all so scattered it is quite impossible for me to keep up with the weekly letters unless I type them which you can see that I do very badly, but I can do it more rapidly than it takes to write. Personally I hate typed letters, but I know you will be very forgiving. My work is increasing by leaps and bounds. My day begins at five or six a. m., never later and ends at seven. You know I never am any good at night, so I just don't attempt it.

Last week was much cheered up by letters from home, some dated the tenth of December, and others December 30th, none on Xmas day, although I feel pretty sure you and Alice and Camilla wrote me on that day. They will come later.

I received a letter from the National Council of Defense asking my advice on the subject of aides being sent. "To be or not to be, that is the question." My plan would be to have them sent to me first and after I had tried them out to transfer them to the military service, if they need them, which they do not at present. This would be too simple a solution of the difficulty to go through, I am sure.

I had such an interesting day on Sunday. I lunched with Miss Derby, there I met Sothern, the actor, who looked too queer in Y. M. C. A. uniform. He is here to advise on the best form of entertainment for our men, he anticipated much difficulty in making the American public see the necessity of it and

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was relieved and surprised to learn that the public were pretty well educated on the value of play. It is planned to establish 250 theatres for the men in the camps, if such they could be called, these queer looking settlements of our men in French villages.

Later I had tea with two of my old Presbyterian hospital mates who have been here nursing the poilus since the beginning of the war. Miss Allen is now with the English, bue does not care for them nearly as much as the French; every nurse has lost her heart to the poilu, his bravery under the knife, never failing cheerfulness and love for his children draws all hearts to him. Miss Warner had just been to the wedding of a poilu who has lost both his hands and earns his living as a clerk; he writes a wonderful hand. I contributed 100 frs. out of our fund to help start him in housekeeping, people with pluck like that should be helped.

Miss Allen gave us a most thrilling account of the murder of Rasputin, as told to her by an eye witness. It all sounds like the wildest dime novel. Miss Warner has charge of a large French military hospital. She has been bombarded several times and been obliged to flee with her patients, one of her nurses lost her hand during one of the bombardments. Miss Warner says that nothing is so important to the poilu as his drawers, he is willing to go without any other article of clothing, but is utterly miserable without drawers.

Sunday I dined with Dr. and Mrs. Lucas to celebrate his birthday. Dr. Cabot was of the party, we had such an interesting evening. Dr. Cabot has a splendid dispensary in Paris; he has so many patients that he can't handle them all.

Toul, February 2, 1918.

To A. G.

As usual I don't know where to begin, I have so much to write to you about, but think I will answer your letter first.

While I write a Frenchman is playing, very slowly, "The Star Spangled Banner" on the piano. My heart is in my mouth today as I hear that our men, Dick's regiment, is to make its first offensive within the next few days, the possibili-

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ties are too dreadful to think of. But I must put aside fear and think of other things.

This idea that the French people will only accept black aprons for their children is all nonsense. We have five hundred children here, all happy without them, and the fifty mothers seem perfectly satisfied.

I hope that fine box you sent reaches us, but it really matters little so the children get them, as they surely will.

Now I must tell you the story of my past week. To begin with Monday. I heard that General Wood had been severely wounded. I located the hospital he had been taken to and called on him in the afternoon, found him up and smiling with his arm in a sling. Seventy-five Frenchmen had been killed right beside him by an exploding shell. I had a nice quiet visit and sent a reassuring note to Louise by a friend who was sailing for home the next day. I tried to get off to Toul Tuesday morning but the work piled up so I couldn't get away.

I have sent for seventy-five nurses more. We expect in the immediate future to have hospital dispensaries at Havre, Lyons, near Nancy, at Togue, a munition town, at St. Etienne, a big munition center, and to take care of ten thousand refugees from Nancy who are to be evacuated in the immediate future. One hospital here doubles its capacity next week. I have great difficulty in providing nurses, they come so slowly from America.

A pathetic little family of five, mother and four children, arrived here today from Pompey, their house had been destroyed by a bomb. The nurses are distributing layettes and clothing from the dispensaries which we maintain in this region. We have ten now; I visited some of them yesterday.

The night before I left Paris we had a visit from the Boche, sixty planes. It was very thrilling. I stood on the balcony and watched it, but I never will do such a foolish thing again as I have since learned that many were killed. A plane came down quite close to us. We could see the manoeuvering in the air. The planes all carry lights, then to hear and see the bursting bombs, the sound of canonading and the sky lighted with the fires started by the bursting bombs, none of it seemed real to me. When I first heard the siren I hopped out of bed into your nice warm wrapper and stood on the balcony unitl I

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couldn't resist the temptation to see what was going on in the streets, so many people were running about below me. The Place de la Concorde presented a weird scene. A low sort of land fog made everything indistinct, but the sky was very blue and clear, the moon full, and the air filled with planes darting about in every direction, it certainly was exciting.

I left at 6:30 the next morning for Toul. Found things in somewhat of a mess here, a new head nurse having a little difficulty in maintaining discipline, but with my backing all is serene again. We really have had very little trouble all things considered and the children get the best of care. I have never seen a more conscientious group and the aids are fine.

Mr. Raeder, an orphan asylum expert from New York, is here. Dr. Ladd says that he was simply dumbfounded when he arrived to see the condition of things, five hundred children huddled together in soldiers' barracks, nothing according to Hoyle. After he got his second wind, he went to work and has been able to bring about a good many reforms, although the French mothers and matrons of the buildings resist him at every step. I am so glad I have seen him, because he was so discouraged—felt that no one understood his aims. I told him that he was not establishing something permanent, just a temporary shelter. We may be shelled out any minute. It has been a surprise to me to find that these people are just like the Neopolitans as far as dirt is concerned. Of course the excuse is that they have no running water in the houses, but they could have had it ages ago if they had considered it of any importance.

Paris, February 9, 1918.

To A. G.

Visited Mrs. Ladd's studio where she makes masks to cover deformed, mutilated faces which are beyond the help of surgery. I saw a poor poilu whose entire nose and part of upper jaw was gone, his tongue could be plainly seen moving in his mouth. The transformation made by his mask was marvelous. He stood before us smoking a cigarette, lips parted slightly; the flesh tints of the mask so perfect that you expected his expression to change. Mrs. Ladd is a very clever sculptor. She

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makes plastic masks first from the original and then builds them up. This man was a good subject, as both his eyes were unharmed. The mask was held in place by attachments over the ears. It is made of very fine light copper and painted flesh colors, a stubble of hair on each of the side cheeks helped the deception, with a real mustache. When worn with large spectacles the mask is wonderfully life like. I am wondering how this delicate painting will stand the wear and tear of use, weather, etc. The idea is to provide the poor fellows with something which will enable them to go about their work without being absolutely repulsive to their fellow beings.

Le Glandier, Le Pompadour, February 12, 1918.

The refuge home for 680 Belgian children who have been taken from their parents is an old monastery of the Chartreuse monks. It was taken from them twelve years ago and sold to a land syndicate. The place has been partly destroyed, all the handsome woodwork torn out of the chapel which is ruined, many of the cloisters blasted out in an effort to give the place a more secular air. There were many ruins to be cleared away before the place was at all habitable for the poor little Belgian refugees. I saw the place at its best, on a bright sunny day with the children actively at play under the leadership of two Quaker boys from Philadelphia. The children alternate in the school, one-half in the morning and one-half in the afternoon, so the boys are kept busy all day long teaching their American games; football and baseball are the favorites. It is pathetic to see the boys' efforts in sabots and aprons to run and play freely. I talked with the manager, Capt. Gros, about overalls; he was charmed with the idea. I promised to send him some samples. The Belgians seem more progressive than the French, they take to new ideas more easily. The sabots are very hard on the feet, rows of children were waiting in the dispensary having their feet dressed, they had ugly looking raw places on them, the result of rough sabots and some had bad looking places from frozen feet, the sabots are so cold. Apart from the aprons, caps and sabots, I can see no difference in their dress. Capt. Gros and the Belgian doctor in charge could not speak

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highly enough of Miss Boyle, our head nurse. She and her assistant worked night and day for two months; in December they had a number of pneumonia cases; her devotion was so great that it won the admiration of all. They are to receive the Elizabeth Cross from the Queen, who visits them next month, they surely deserve it, for a week neither nurse took off her clothes. We had no idea in Paris what a hard time they were having, as Miss Boyle didn't like to complain. Capt. Gros has asked her to supervise the baths and the dormitories. I think all will go better now that the cold weather is over.

Fontainbleau, February 17, 1918.

To A. G.

Miss Byrne and I came here last night to spend Sunday with three nice boys who are having a leave, they are not allowed to go to Paris so came to the nearest point. The young people are riding this morning and I have just made the tour of the chateau, it is sad to see it like everything over here being denuded of its splendor, all the tapestries and other valuables being cached for fear of the Boche. It is all so peaceful and beautiful here that war is hard to imagine, of course the boys talk of nothing else. They are instructors in the artillery school. Speaking of the fortunes of war, one of them said that when he arrived at the school it was dark; he was met by a private who deferentially took his bag and escorted him to the hotel. When they could see each other the private turned out to be one of his classmates at Yale; they both had a good laugh.

After having three weeks of quite warm weather it has turned bitterly cold suddenly. I am so sorry for the men in the trenches and the little children, seeing all those frozen feet at La Glandier made me realize how they suffer. It is simply impossible to heat these barracks in which they are housed, as difficult as to make our gymnasium warm.

We are staying at the hotel France et Angleterre. I am wondering if you have ever been here, I always wonder that wherever I go. It is an interesting quaint old place, the walls quite covered by old engravings. I go to Evian again this week.

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Paris, February 24, 1918.

To A. G.

Captain Farragut Hall is in the infantry. We had a fine lunch and talk together the other day. He gave me such a nice account of the relations of his men with the village people. He says they carry the heavy loads of washing home for the women after they have knelt side by side at the stream washing their clothes, it is quite a sight. They chop wood, play with the children, and make themselves generally useful. Farragut's regiment was temporarily taken from this village, and upon their return they had a royal welcome. The men are really in fine condition, the morale splendid; this I hear from all sides. They get on better with the Australians than with any of the other Allies.

Paris, March 2, 1918.

To L. McL.

I am very much interested in the refugees from Nancy. We have the medical supervision of them. One colony of 1,000 children.

I have been hearing tales of German brutality that makes my blood boil. They refused to heat the cars filled with refugees from Northern France, who were en route through Belgium sometimes for four or five days. Many arrived at Evian frozen! For a long time no toilet facilities were provided on the trains. The conditions when they arrived in Switzerland were so terrible that the Swiss Government protested and finally one toilet was installed in each train.

We hear many stories of the terrible treatment our prisoners receive, but I discredit those tales of horror. You never can trace them; it is always some one else who has seen it. I know that our troops are in good shape—the morale fine.

Mrs. H. has had her eyes opened especially to the moral conditions and is surprised to find things going so well; with exception of five men at Bordeaux on Xmas day she has not seen a drunken army man. A French general told a friend of mine that he was delighted with the quickness of the American, they learned so rapidly.

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Paris, March 3rd, 1918.

To A. G.

The children's work is really helping the whole war situation tremendously. We have over and over again expressions of gratitude and confidence from the Poilu of the care we are giving his children. When the children were sent out of Nancy the parents begged that they be given to the Americans to care for and our doctors and nurses left Nancy with the thousands of children that were sent to safety. All of this counts tremendously in the winning of the war, and I suppose I must be content with my part in it but I do long to directly help our men.

Paris, March 5, 1918.

To Willing Circle.

This is designed to be an Easter greeting but you probably won't receive it before May Day. In this very uncertain life we lead, the mail is one of the most uncertain things of all. Although it is surprising how little is really finally lost. I have so far received every package which has been sent me, which I think is quite surprising.

Just at present all my thoughts are with our men on the firing line. They are behaving so splendidly and we are so proud of them. From all sides I hear praise and appreciation of the work they are doing. The French officers are delighted with their eagerness to grasp all that is taught them.

I visited one of our hospitals last week at Dijon; it is an old Jesuit school and was the dirtiest place imaginable, but has been made fresh and clean by much scrubbing and new paint applied by German prisoners, who looked disgustingly fat, well and complacent compared to our men stretched out ill in their beds in a foreign land, all because of German vileness. There were five hundred and eighty men in the hospital, no wounded. I did not see any of our pyjamas. The men sit about convalescing in very forlorn looking citizen clothes. One hundred and eighty-five of these men had mumps. I have not seen any

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men in France parading the streets in those pyjamas, they may do so in summer, but I doubt it.

Miss Warner, a nurse who has been in charge of a French hospital here since the beginning of the war, tells me that next to his children, the dearest things to a Poilu's heart are his drawers, his wife doesn't seem to count at all. He is perfectly miserable if he has to leave the hospital without drawers.

I hope you have seen the wonderful letter of thanks written by the man with wooden fingers, it is truly remarkable. He earns his living clerking at the Bon Marche.

Have I written you about the marvelous masks which Mrs. Ladd, the wife of Dr. Ladd in charge at Toul, makes for the mutiles? It is almost like a miracle. The mask is of very fine copper and painted the exact flesh tints of the wearer. Worn with a mustache and spectacles, it is most life like. It is worn while the man is at work.

I have just returned from a visit to Evian where I saw several trains arrive loaded with people from Northern France. The border is to be closed for several weeks now. It is always closed when the military operations become very active. I think many spies must get through among the rapatriés. It was, of course, a tragic sight, one can't get hardened to the sorrow and frightfulness of all that it means. As the train pulls up in France the buglers play patriotic strains, the windows are crowded with shouting and weeping people, Vive la France! fills the air, Swiss flags are waved from the windows. The Swiss never fail to provide flags and toys for the children who get out of the train hopelessly dirty and grimy, but generally with dolls clasped in their arms. Our ambulance men are at hand to tenderly lift the sick and feeble to the ground into wheeled chairs or directly to the ambulance. The crowd is composed almost entirely of decrepit old people and little children, the majority under eight. Mothers are only sent when they are ill or have infants in their arms, and what to me is the most tragic sight of all is to see a woman step off that train clasping in her arms a Boche baby, which of course they all are. If the woman is married she leaves this poor little babe at Evian as she cannot face the husband with it in her arms, but the unmarried girls usually keep theirs. Five of these poor little abandoned creatures were brought to our little orphan

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refuge the night I was there. It was an inexpressably sad sight to see them waiting in the hall to be admitted.

But to write of something more cheerful, it is really a joy to see all these people march down the long avenue overlooking the Lake Geneva, their faces radiant, shouting now and then "Vive la France!" They are always delighted at the sight of Americans. One dear old woman with such a lovely face kept clasping my hand as I walked beside her to carry her heavy bundle (they all come through laden), saying, "Americans, our compatriots." The feeling of confidence that these poor people have that we have come to save them is really too touching for words, it makes one feel that no sacrifice is too great to justify their faith in us; and as I look about me and see all the earnest men and women who are over here and think of the work and unselfish devotion that is shown at home, I have a sense of security and a deep feeling that right will prevail in the world. All the powers of darkness can not overcome the light which is being shed now. People are making great sacrifices without even giving a thought to it, it seems so natural to put aside material things now when the call of the spirit bids us put forth our best efforts to overcome evil.

There are four men here in the Red Cross who compose an entire law firm from New York, Byrne, Cutchen and Taylor, they have practically abandoned a prosperous business at their country's call.

The activity near Toul gives us a good deal of anxiety for our five hundred children, the place is about a mile from the town of Toul. We have just opened a maternity hospital there to receive refugees from Nancy. A bomb exploded in one of the maternity wards in Nancy the other day so the patients have all been removed to Toul. Our doctors and nurses are still working in Nancy but it is getting pretty hot there, all of the helpless women and children have been sent out.

I have been getting off nurses and aides all week to the various points where the population of Nancy have been sent in large groups. For instance at Dinard there are one thousand children. As soon as large numbers are gathered together contageous diseases break out. We always have at least half a dozen nurses and aides ill with contageous diseases. It is most trying when they are so scarce. I am in terror now for fear

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an emergency will arise in the next few days before another steamer comes, as I haven't one nurse or aide to send.

We are just beginning a most interesting piece of work in Paris. You have probably read about it before now in the papers. It is the distribution of food to the school children. Our doctors came to the conclusion that as nine-tenths of the illness they saw was the result of malnutrition, it was useless to have clinics if the children could not be fed, so they have given a supplementary meal in all the schools where the children are poor. It consists of a Red Cross bun made of flour, milk, sugar and chopped fruits, figs and dates. This is given with a piece of chocolate every afternoon at 4 p. m. We saw the first distribution which was made a great occasion by the schoolmaster. The children sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" in English better than our children can sing it, they decorated the school with little American flags which they made and generally showed their appreciation. This food distribution serves two ends, it is a simple telling demonstration to the poor people that America is behind them, and will do much to keep up their courage in the trying months to come.

Paris, March 7, 1918.

To Willing Circle.

Last night I wrote you a long letter only to wake this a. m. with a feeling that I had not finished all that I would say to you as I know how difficult it is these days to catch up with the march of events if we let weeks slip by without record. As this is the only diary I keep, I hate to let the days slip without noting the facts of interest to me.

Did I write you about the enthusiasm with which my overall suggestion was met by Captain Gros who is in charge of the Belgian children? He is impatient to see all his boys in "Can't bust 'ems." He bemoans the fact that he has just ordered aprons, but I told him the girls could use them. But sad to relate the sample overalls which Alice sent me months ago have not yet arrived. I had some difficulty in my bad French explaining the overall idea, but finally succeeded so well that Captain Gros drew a very good picture of a pair.

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The Americans seem to absorb like sponges. They will return with many different views of life, some of them bad and some good, but never will they or the nation be the same after this great experience. I can see people's whole point of view change before my very eyes, it is really very curious and this same mental process is taking place in millions of American minds and hearts at this very moment.

I am very hopeful on one point, I feel sure that those who have, through this world tragedy, learned the joy of personal service, will never be content again to let the suffering world go by without extending the hand of brotherly love. We won't find it so difficult in the future to supply our starving babes with milk, or to find homes for the families full of light and sunshine, places fit for human beings to live and bring up our future citizens in.

I have seen nothing over here, except in the bombarded, destroyed towns, worse than we have at this very minute on Telegraph Hill. But I am sure that is not what you want to hear, but at times I do look forward with hope to what we might accomplish when all this awakened interest and realization of the life that is outside our own narrow walls will be expended on sweeping and garnishing of our own cities, making them physically and morally fit for the coming race to grow and develop in.

Dr. Lucas expects to return in May to take part in various child welfare conferences. He has launched a big Infant Mortality campaign here. The plan is that after a series of demonstrated lectures are given in a town, generally in the opera house, a group of trained social service visitors headed by a nurse, goes to the town and organizes baby clinics, home visiting, etc. The plan is to stay in each place about two months, during which time they hope to rouse such enthusiasm and plant such seeds as will develop into flourishing trees of infant life.

The difficulty of accomplishing such a scheme as this during war time is almost overwhelming, but Dr. Lucas is very enthusiastic and optimistic about it and really inspires people to do the impossible. So few nurses have the training and initiative to undertake such a big piece of work that I am in despair at times in supplying the demand.

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This plan only covers the small centers, we have permanent educational exhibits and teaching centers in the big cities; here in Paris we have now six dispensaries where French women are being taught public health visiting and home care of the sick. In fact we are doing much more here than we have ever dreamed of undertaking at home. We are hopeful of teaching something here as the French are thoroughly frightened over the low birth and high death rate.

I forgot to tell you of a little incident I witnessed at the base hospital the other day at Dijon. A group of men who were discharged and just about to leave, held in their hands bright comfort bags which they had received at Christmas. I spoke to them about them and they told me that they treasured them above everything. The nurses say they never let them out of their sight. It was so touching to see those big men holding those foolish looking little bags full of their treasures. I used to wonder at Christmas time when I stood for hours in the evening on a stone floor, cold up to my waist, whether I wasn't wasting time and strength, but I am sure now it was worth it.

We filled 200,000 bags and I assure you it was a big task. Not many of those filled at home got here in time for Christmas, but they will do for another time. When I distributed the bags, Alice commissioned me to fill for her, I saw a Poilu standing in a corner counting the sheets of paper.

We may have to withdraw some of our nurses from the front. At Nesle the whole hospital force, nurses, patients and doctors, have to frequently retire to the cellar for the night when the bombardment becomes too severe. One of our nurses at Nesle is to be decorated. A train upon which one of our nurses was traveling to Toul, not long since, was struck by a shell, but fortunately no deaths. The situation becomes more tense every day.

A hotel for nurses has just been opened in Paris. We have found such difficulty in finding suitable accommodations. I don't expect to live there as I am very comfortably located. None of the clothes have come which people write have been sent to me direct, except four flannelette nightgowns without name of sender.

I can't understand why it is so difficult to find suitable

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aides for me. A cable comes saying that only 7 have been found out of 25 I cabled for two months ago. It may be the fact that we require them to speak French is insurmountable or is it that their patriotism doesn't extend to the care of babies?

Margaret Robins is eager to come over, but is under age. I have cabled specially for her. Twenty-five to forty are the age limits. General Wood thinks we will need 50,000 nures; the thought is overwhelming.

Paris, March 20, 1918.

To A. G.

On Friday the big explosion took place at Laconouvre. I was in the Bon Marche at the time with the Countess Bremand d'Ars, the lovely Frenchwoman I have written you about, who translates for us. She is fascinating, typically French. Her husband and only son have been killed, her one remaining child, a daughter, is at the school of the Legion of Honor founded by Napoleon at St. Denis for officers' daughters. The Countess and I were, as I said, at the Bon Marche, when we heard a terrific explosion accompanied by the falling of glass and great clouds of dust. One's first thought was the Boche. The Countess made a wild dive to the street which took her under the huge glass rotunda. I had a hard time controlling her, we finally got out into the street to seek a "cave." Madame had an idea that it was an attack upon the Ministry of War where her brother is, he is the Minister of Aviation. We inquired of a man on the street who assured us it was not a raid, but an explosion at St. Denis. You can imagine the poor woman's feelings; she began to moan and cry, "my husband is gone, my son is gone and now my daughter." Fortunately I found a taxi near by, drove her to the Ministry of War, where her brother, who was jumping into a car, called back, "no, not St. Denis, Laconouvre." Well, my heart stopped, for we had a doctor, nurse, and French aide working there. It is a big munition center, the people all living in little huts around the factories, four villages cluster about the place.

I stopped at the office, picked up doctors and nurses and

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first aid supplies, two cars full, and went to the rescue, but you will have to read the rest in Miss Crandall's letter.

When I got to Lavonouvre, the center of the disaster, I found 500 homeless people whom the mayor had to provide for. He said that he had a good building to put them in, an old race track with stables, casino, etc., but he needed food, clothing and bedding. I told him to telephone in to the Red Cross immediately, and I returned to Paris in hot haste as it was nearly noon. I left him trying to telephone.

Paris, Palm Sunday, March 24, 1918.

To A. G.

This is really becoming a perfect bore. One never gets settled but that "Alert" sounds and we are routed out of our beds. Now that the planes come at night and we are bombarded by day, there is no rest for the weary. I get so sleepy that I can not keep my eyes open to be alarmed. Sunday night I was dining at another hotel when the "Alert" sounded. I waited until 9:30 then took a room on the first floor and went to bed. I slept until morning. Fortunately I came home at dawn because I could not get any breakfast. At eight a. m. the "Alert" sounded again and guns boomed every twenty minutes all day. It is astonishing that a gun has such a long range.

The poor have the hardest time through all this. They live in rickety old houses, with poorly constructed cellars. They hover until midnight around the entrance of the Metros with their children clinging to them and with little bundles in their hands, it is all so hideous and now that the terrific battle has begun and thousands and tens of thousands of men are going to their deaths to save us from destruction, I long to be nearer them.

Whenever I think of that battle line, I see dear old Dick facing the enemy with his fearless blue eyes. He seems typical to me of the Anglo-Saxon interpreting the "Golden Boy" that one of these poets writes about.

Loyall Sewall is here in Paris, thank God, he is so dear and fine.

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Dr. Blake's hospital is filled with our gassed men; their eyes being badly injured. It is unbearable.

I want to answer your fine letters but my heart is so in those trenches I can think of nothing else. I know you will understand.

The guns are turned on Paris again this morning. Loyall is coming to go to church with me. I do not know, now, if there will be a service. It is Palm Sunday. The Boche have promised to spend Easter in Paris.

Paris, 8,00 p. m., March 25, 1918.

To A. G.

I know your thoughts are with me and the bleeding world in which we live. The sound of the big guns booming by day and the bombs being dropped at night, have made us all realize very fully the gigantic battle that is going on at the front, and the thousands giving their lives in our defense.

Last night we were routed out of bed at 1.00 a. m. by the "Alert" and after a few hours rest it sounded again this morning, but as we read this morning of the fearful carnage at the front, how trifling our small discomforts seen. Tonight we have better news, that the English are gaining ground and that the big guns turned on Paris have been silenced by two aviators, who gave their lives to silence them.

I long, now, to be at the front. My work here seems so little worth while. Two of our nurses returned from Nesle today. They had to leave without their clothes. They took the children from the hospital to a place of safety.

It is a cloudy night so we should have a quiet sleep.

Paris, March 27, 1918.

To A. G.

Another day has dawned bright and clear. It looked like rain yesterday, which might have helped to arrest the enemy. It is hard to sleep with that terrific battle raging right at our doors.

An emergency call came last night for nurses. Dr. Lucas

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was away but I hope he returned last night from England. I am anxious to leave for the front, but do not know whether they will consent to it or not. It is hard to decide what is most helpful. I may be of more use here.

Just what part our men are taking, I do not know. We hear nothing of them.

Everyone here is very calm, no nervous excitement. The restaurants and cafes are filled as usual.

Paris, 4:30 a. m., March 28, 1918.

To A. G.

Easter approaches. The battle rages. The forces of Satan seem to prevail over the Prince of Peace, seem to prevail but will not prevail, although things look very black. Fleeing people bring news of conquering forces, sweeping in upon us, but I have absolute faith in the ultimate result. Everyone is calm and unafraid.

Yesterday our doctors and nurses arrived from Amiens, where they had retreated from Nesle, which has been taken and lost seven times. The nurses gave thrilling accounts of their experiences. One of them carried an eight weeks' old baby in her arms for two days.

Dr. Lucas returned from London tonight to my great relief. He rushed around with me to the Military Affairs Bureau. It was decided to make up teams of doctors and nurses and orderlies; fill camions with surgical supplies, go on the road toward the front and give first aid to the retreating wounded. The nurses and surgical supplies' end of it was turned over to me.

The nurses have responded splendidly. Everyone is eager for the privilege of going to the front and those who have returned are most eager to get back. It is a grief to me that I must stay here, but I am sure that I can thus help more.

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Paris, Good Friday, March 29, 1918.

To A .G.

The battle continues to rage; five days of agony. What is the result to be? You will know before you receive this.

The absolutely calm, smiling self-control of the French is heroic. Their confidence in their army is perfect. The only comment they make is "The Boche will never pass our line." But we who have not been hardened to years of horror are depressed. I assure you that reading of it in San Francisco and seeing it enacted before your eyes are different matters, for we know that but a few miles from us the dead are so thick on the ground that the troops can not move and one can almost hear the moans of the wounded. Refugees are coming into Paris telling sickening tales of horror. Our own workers, who stayed until they were forcibly removed from the burning towns also bring much information. Both sides arrested the oncoming troops with gas and liquid fire. The aeroplanes circled low above the troops, dropping upon them the tortures of hell. How those men come on and on in the face of it I can not understand.

An official announcement last night says that the Americans are fighting but we hear no news of them, although yesterday we had a hurry call from the American ambulance for nurses.

The English army has been crushed by mere numbers. They are fighting magnificiently.

We have been working frantically to get off teams to the rear of the army. The nurses were ready in a half hour after the call came, all eager to go, of course. Those who were left were heart broken, I among the number, but I know I can help most here.

Mr. Devine has met this emergency well. I am in charge of the nursing pro tem. I send a French speaking aid with each team.

They are having a dreadful time at Chalons where my friend, Miss Pye, the Friend, has her maternity hospital. We have a number of nurses there with her. I worry about them all but so far no one has been hurt.

We made the rounds of the railway stations last night. The sights were so pitiful. Our nurses help the sick. I saw a five

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weeks' old baby sucking a piece of chocolate. The excitement of the flight from a burning town had dried up the mother's milk and the milk at the station had given out.

Our Red Cross camions drive back and forth from the storehouse and the stations all day long supplying the needs. All the outgoing soldiers are fed and the incoming refugees. It is all wonderfully well arranged and organized. All of the people who arrive at night have to sleep in the stations, where rows and rows of matresses are put down. We are most helpful at night. I assign about six nurses and aids to each station for the night. A doctor goes with each group. These are chiefly women doctors, as the men have gone to the front with the teams.

Paris, March 31, 1918. Easter Day at dawn.

To A. G.

I simply can not sleep through these dreadful nights for the moon has been so bright that nightfall does not bring a cessation of the killing. No brief time comes when the wounded may be brought in and the dead cleared from the field for another day's carnage.

Our losses in Paris seem such a trifling matter compared with the thousands who are falling to protect us. You know, of course, that eighty-five people were killed while they were at a church on Good Friday. France is being crucified now but I believe that her resurrection will come and that she will be purified and fairer than ever before. I can not tell you how I admire the spirit of these heroic people, face to face with total annihilation they stand perfectly calm and serene and politely smiling at us strangers, who they never permit to penetrate their reserve. It is a self-restraint that makes one stand and uncover the head as they pass through this fiery ordeal.

Yesterday, I slipped out of the office for a few minutes to order some flowers and came back with my arms full as delivery is very difficult now. As I walked through the streets laden with flowers and heard the loud report of the canons (from the vibrations we can get a pretty good idea of how close the shell is bursting), I thought that in my wildest nightmare I had never dreamed that I would be calmly walking through Paris streets, gathering flowers as it were, amidst bursting shells.

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Dr. Lucas is a big man, nothing small about him. As our bureau had many more nurses and doctors in it than any other, Major Burlingame thought it best for us to have charge of the Medical Emergency.

Monday.

I returned to the office after church. The guns boomed all the afternoon and the effort of trying to bring the Easter spirit into this mad world was finally over. I was called in the night to the Gare de Lyon for an emergency; fifty sick people had unexpectedly arrived.

Paris, April 2, 1918. (Postmark.)

To A. G.

We have plenty of good public health workers but what we are short of is nurses for hospital work. There are thousands of them at home who are eager to come, who can not get over. Why, I can not make out. I am short 150 workers.

If this war has not accomplished anything else, I think it will have shaken people together more and there will be a better spirit of brotherhood in the world. Men who have been side by side through this world crisis must have a better understanding of each other. The relation of a French officer and soldier is a very beautiful one to me. I have dined at the home of Monsieur Mirman, the great Prefect, where seated at the same table were a French General and two Poilus, the latter being god children of Mme. Mirman at home on permission. The General and the Poilus conversed together in the simplest and most natural manner.

Paris, April 3, 1918.

To E. S.

There are few quiet moments in Paris now. Between air raids by night and cannonading by day we have a very lively time. It is strange how quickly one gets used to such things. When the bombarding first began, people rushed to the street and curiously looked about to see where the shell had burst,

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but now, although we know that each report of that gun means death and destruction to innocent, defenseless people, we hardly raise our eyes from our desks. The cruel senselessness of this bombardment of Paris has so infuriated the French people that it seems to me the Boche couldn't have selected a means more calculated to stimulate France to spill her last drop of blood to eject the barbarian from her soil. The air raids on unfortified cities might possibly be justified from a military standpoint, that the enemy planes are thus kept at home for defense, but these big guns can do nothing but kill a few hundred women and children every day, destroy priceless works of art, and nothing is accomplished by them of military advantage.

I am simply filled with admiration for the French people. I am on my very knees before them. I have never dreamt of such sublime courage as that displayed by the wives, mothers and sisters of these heroic men who are dying by the thousands to keep men free. It stirs one's soul to the very depths.

Last week, when the fleeing multitudes came to Paris from their burning homes, we kept nurses and aids night and day at the railroad stations, which I assure you are not very safe places at present, as they are the objectives of the air raids. Train loads crowded with refugees and wounded come in all night. I made rounds continually myself to see that all went well and then I blessed the thoughtful friends at home who supplied me with money to use in individual relief. I met so many pitiful little families who have fled leaving their all behind them. Many arrive carrying nothing but their pet animals. One old woman brought her goat, which she said behaved better on the train than the children, another hugged a rabbit, dogs and cats of course were plentiful and even little pigs could be found, tucked under protecting arms, saved from the Boche stomach. The calm courage of all these women was marvelous, not a complaint was heard, not a tear shed. I had a long talk with a madonna like mother whom I found standing surrounded by her eight children, the youngest in her arms, the eldest a pretty girl of sixteen years. Her serene face shone with pride when I admired her children. This is the second time she has been evacuated, fled for her life, leaving behind all her household treasures. She told me her tale quietly and calmly and without a complaint. All I could say was "Madame, what courage!"

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Her simple answer was "Victory is sure." I felt like uncovering my head before her.

I have been spending a good deal of relief money enabling mothers to send their frightened children from Prais. It is so hard for the poor little children. One little boy of ten said to the district nurse: "I don't fear, but it is hard for the little ones." One of the nurses who was in church on Good Friday when the shell exploded, saw the child who knelt in the pew before her instantly killed. A shock like that is never forgotten.

The Red Cross is establishing colonies for these children in the mountains, fortunately the weather has been very mild. Valuable work was also done last week, supplying the railway canteens with food, clothing and medical service. Many old people entirely collapse at the end of their flight.

These are tragic letters I write you but this is a tragic time. Never while we live on earth will the horror of these days be forgotten. It certainly is a time when every man and women is called upon to put forth his best efforts. The little children of today will be the questioners of the future. They will demand of mothers and fathers: "What did you do to help in the great fight for liberty?"

Won't the taking of Jerusalem be a great help to the Jews in founding their new Zion? It was the first thought that came to my mind. It would be wonderful if the victory gave to the Jews their own again.

Paris, April 4, 1918.

To A. G.

This is the first Sunday since I have been in France that I have not written to you the first thing in the morning, but I wakened with a discouraged feeling, probably due to the fact that the big gun boomed the greater part of the night, which is very disturbing to sleep. It is the first time we have had it at night. Although I am not personally afraid, one can not help but wonder what tragedy has followed in its wake. You have heard of the slaughter of the innocents in the maternity hospital a few days ago, mothers with their new-born babes killed or wounded.

The children are being sent from Paris in colonies as rapidly

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as possible, the mothers must stay at their work. I have been contributing money to mothers for some of them to pay traveling expenses for the children who have relatives or friends in the south. The Bureau of Refugees does not consider Paris children refugees. Thank goodness and my friends that I have a fund to call on.

I have felt so unhappy at not doing some army nursing that I have written to see if it would not be possible to serve in a hospital during my vacation which will be in June. I have offered to do night nursing, since I do not feel equal to doing those horrible dressings. Dr. Lucas is away, but I am sure he will consent if I get the call. Since our men are in the fight it has been too much for me; not that I am not willing to care for any of the men, but I know that the more men the more need of nurses. Two weeks ago one thousand a day passed through the hands of one of our units.

Although the British continue to lose ground a little every day, now that Foch is in command confidence has been restored.

Your day at the Farm seemed like Heaven to me. I hear the court ladies next appear in Roman guise, those costumes! I would rather see one of Miss Johnson's plays than the Paris grand opera.

Paris, April 7, 1918.

To A. G.

Mrs. Ladd says that no one can help her who has not made a specialty of portrait sculpture. Dr. Collin might do, but she could not come under the Red Cross as she is a neutral. They seem to get away from America without trouble, but when they arrive here they are held up by the Paris police, who visé all our personnel.

Mrs. Ladd is a genius. I try to look after her a little, as she neglects herself horribly, when genius burns. She is giving new life to men through her masks.

I am going to lunch with Madame Gotz today, which means that I will not only have a good lunch but a talk with a very loyal American, who is so proud of her country that she speaks of it with tears in her eyes. She has intimate friends among the high French people, who give her a good deal of informa-

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tion of the kind we do not ordinarily get. They all admire the spirit of our men. They find them adaptable and teachable.

The English have certainly been giving their life blood for the cause. When I read of those brave batallions going down as a man all of my Anglo-Saxon blood rises in me to respond to the call.

Paris, April 28, 1918.

To A. G.

It has been two weeks since a letter has gone to you—the longest period of silence since I left home. I wrote as usual last week on the train, but the letter was so smudgy that I did not send it, thinking to write another immediately. But these last weeks have been strenuous ones, and I had a horrid cold which kept me very tired as I coughed so much at night. It is much better now.

But to go back in history (I suppose all we live is history now), hearing that things were not going well at the Chateau, I decided to take a flying trip down there last week. I picked out the psychological moment for it, as the Baby Welfare Exhibit had caused such a stir that all the high moguls decided to go down to see what all the excitement was about. Miss Boardman and Mr. Davison have both been here, and we all arrived in Lyons Sunday morning.

A big Red Cross lunch was given for Mr. Davison, who had just come from Italy where he had been much impressed by the work of the Red Cross there. He received an ovation in Rome, where 50,000 people gathered in the Coliseum to do him honor; it must have been a wonderful sight. Every one says that the Italians are even more appreciative of the help America has given them than the French are, and that is saying a good deal. I sat at Mr. Davison's right at the luncheon, which was an honor I should not have had according to my ideas of etiquette, but I did enjoy it as he was most interesting, and a very intimate friend of Cousin Loyall's.

Mr. Davison told me that he considered Dr. Lucas a genius, and as I quite agree with him I was glad to have my opinion endorsed by so clever a man. He must have been all the more impressed by his ability after lunch when we visited the exhibit,

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and saw 10,500 people standing in line, waiting to get into the pavilion. I shall never forget that sight. Last week 72,000 people attended—the population of Lyons is 700,000—and this did not include the school children who are taken every morning to it. Dr. Lucas proved that he had a better understanding of the French than we had, for we were all skeptical as to the possibility of interesting people in an educational exhibit while the most terrific battle in the world's history is being fought. But the more the men are mowed down the more eager they are to save the babies for France.

In front of the exhibit building, which faces one of their beautiful squares, a model playground is teeming with children led by two charming girls, Ruth Heyneman being one of them. That has been a revelation to the French, but they will have to change their laws before much can be done in that line, as a school teacher can be sued for damages if a child has an accident while at school. Of course the most popular exhibit was the washing of the baby which took place in a glass case, a real live baby furnished by Madame Gilet.

We have had another rushing week getting off nurses and aids to help in our army; not under the military authorities, as they have been going into the French hospitals where our men are taken since the armies have been joined. It is really a very complicated situation.

April 28, 1918.

To A. G.

I am going to St. Cloud. This afternoon I go to Beauvais, which is not far from Amiens. Many of our wounded are there.

We are so proud of the courage and coolness our boys show. Madame Goetz always speaks of them with tears in her eyes. She hears them spoken of by the French generals.

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Paris, no date (probably May 1, 1918).

To A. G.

I have not been waking at dawn lately, consequently have not had nearly so much time for work. However this morning I got a good start, and now have a few moments. I feel cheerful as the sun is shining, a most unusual occurrence, and the birds are singing, too. I am going to try to get out to Versailles where we have a nursery which needs inspection. We have one building of a big establishment where Dr. Lucas is making a demonstration of American methods. It is a very difficult proposition, as the woman in charge has been there for twenty years. We have two nurses there, and eight French pupils.

I can not tell you how we miss Dr. Lucas, the inspiration gone. Quite a number of new nurses (only two aids) came on the last boat. I have been trying to give them an idea of the situation here; I think this experience will be a revelation to many. I am sure I shall never be the same again. I feel sure you will find a changed point of view on many subjects.

I did not realize until I left home that all my work in life had been done surrounded by and supported by people whom I love and who love me; but in spite of the difficulties, the cause here is so big and so worth while that one is willing to suffer for it.

Paris, May 2, 1918.

To A. G.

This morning I awakened to the sound of birds, and sunshine streams in my windows, and I decided to celebrate by writing to you instead of doing my daily French lesson. I do not think we have had three weeks of sunshine since we have been in France. The climate certainly is horrible, and I am told it is still worse in England.

Still the flowers do bloom in spite of it; the trees are not all out yet in Paris, but the slow spring has its compensations in the thorough enjoyment of each unfolding blossom. The Champs Elysees has been lovely for a month, and now that the horse chestnuts are in bloom I think of our dear old buck-eyes at the Farm, and I feel lonesome. This formal gardening with

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stiff, regular flower beds makes no appeal to me; I love English parks much better. If it were not for the Seine I would not care for Paris at all. On May Day everyone was presenting little bunches of lilies of the valley to friends for good luck; I had several pathetic little bunches brought me by grateful people.

I expected to get off to Beauvais, but it takes interminable time to get passes to move about. It makes our work very difficult. Margaret Robins has been in Paris for three weeks trying to get papers.

Hannah Hobart is very much excited at the idea of going into a military hospital. Our nurses write me pathetic accounts of our men, and we were asked for ten more nurses yesterday. I have not seen Dick since last September; he seems to be in the thick of this battle, and never has time to write.

You asked in your letter about Mademoiselle De Rose, you will be glad to hear that we have one of our most flourishing dispensaries at her settlement, and I gave her five hundred francs to help send her children to the country. We are all anxious to get the children out of Paris, as so many are killed. Is it not ghastly, a war on children! Think of those killed in their mother's arms when the maternity hospital was shelled! The women were all thrown from their beds, and many babes killed, and the mothers seriously injured.

Last night we sent off sixty children to Evian, as the hospital there is empty. The rapatriés have not been coming in since the big drive started. It is a long trip for the Paris children, twenty-three hours on the train, but I sent a doctor and seven nurses and aids with them.

Paris, May 5, 1918.

To A. G.

I have spent the greater part of the week straightening out the educational course; the first class of "Visitenses l'Enfants," as they are called, is just finishing, and another about to begin. Every individual in the class had quite a different idea of what the obligations of the Red Cross were to her, and of hers to it; the course was not half long enough, covering only a period of six weeks. But all is going smoothly now for the new course.

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I have doubled the time, and intend to send the students into our hospitals when they have completed the course, before sending them into the field.

We are giving these instructions in three places, Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles, thirty students in each class, so you see we should in a year turn out a good many French women prepared to take part in the Infant Mortality campaign. A series of twenty lectures is given them by French doctors, besides the lectures given by the nurses. We have one nurse who speaks French fluently for each set of students, besides several others who speak well enough to explain their demonstrations. But you must read the details in my article to Miss Crandall.

Tomorrow I go to Beauvais, where so many of our men are in the French hospitals. I feel quite sure that my place is just where I am. I would willingly turn over every nurse we have to our men if they need it, it seems to me to be our first obligation. Do you think I am right in this? It seems to me that if our own are neglected all the work we do for civilian France will not count.

You ask about the children's clothing; I have not yet heard of the arrival of any, but am sure some must have come as they have it in the warehouse.

I have given up in despair trying to get individuals over here, there are so many stumbling blocks put in the way.

I can not answer your question about how the man with artificial fingers learned to be a clerk. Why not write and ask him?

Paris, May 5, 1918.

To C. S.

The Lucases got off last week, and I miss them very much. I hated to see them leave without me. I suppose I will be over here several years longer from the looks of things.

I am going to Beauvais on Monday where many of our men are being cared for in French hospitals by our nurses, mostly mine, as I have lent them to the Military Affairs of the Red Cross—not to the army. I have also let them have a number of aids, who are most acceptable as they speak French. I wish that I had three times as many aids, but it seems impossible to

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get them. My aids are a really very exceptionally fine set of girls.

We are beginning to have a few bright days; the sun shines occasionally. I do miss our California sun. It rains or fogs here nine days out of ten, but the trees are out and the flowers in bloom. The Champs Elysees is lovely.

Paris, May 10, 1918.

To C. L.

I fully intended to get up early this morning, and go to St. Germain, where I hear that the woods are full of lovely flowers, but of course it is raining! It rains or is foggy nine days out of ten over here, I am just homesick for some California sunshine. I expected to see at St. Germain, Malmaison, the house where Josephine lived.

In spite of the bad weather the flowers are wonderful now. I wish you could see the flower market near the Madelaine, I walk by there every day. Miss Griffith writes me how lovely everything looks at the Farm. Barbara is there again, and I am glad as I think she has the interests of the place at heart. I wonder how long it will be before we are all there together again. I hope the children have a party on the 16th of June, I am going to send Miss Griffith some money to get something for them. I do not want them to quite forget us, do you.

Last week I went to Beauvais, a town not far from the French lines where our men are fighting. I have been sending a number of my nurses and aids there to care for our men in the French hospitals. They are all mixed up in the wards with the French, so it is not very satisfactory, and of course the French idea of nursing is very different from ours, but the nurses are fine about it all, and do the best they can. They feel it worth while just for the comfort the boys get from talking to them. They often cry when they first see an American, the relief is so great. You see they do not understand what is being done for them, so have no confidence. The French surgeons are very fine and do all in their power for our men, they are kindness itself to them. The other day one died at Gisor, a small town near Beauvais; the whole town turned out to

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honor him, and they found a Protestant clergyman to read the service. All the school children followed the hearse with flowers, it was most touching. The nurse, one of mine, wrote to his mother all about it. The poor fellow was a Virginian, and sang just before he died, "To Be in Old Virginia."

I saw ever so many wounded from Dick's regiment. I visited twelve hospitals, one thousand beds in each hospital. I think the Red Cross will open a hospital there for our men; we already have a small children's hospital which will be converted into a military one. There is a great difference between the army and the military Red Cross, you must not get them mixed up—when I say military I always mean Red Cross.

More nurses are coming over now, I am glad to say, but not more aids, and the latter are really more important at present, as the nurses who do not speak French are pretty helpless in the French hospitals. Fortunately the nurses who came over first have picked up a good deal.

A French woman came to me yesterday and asked if this was the place where eye tickets were given out, said she had lost her eye when she had measles and would like one. You see they come to the Red Cross for everything. I took her to the dispensary where she got an order for one.

Name of place censored, May 19, 1918.

To A. G.

While awaiting my tempting breakfast which will consist of bad coffee without sugar or cream and bread without butter, I will try at least to begin a letter to you. The loss of my fountain pen certainly was a serious one; you will have to be content with pencil which is most disagreeable, I know.

I had a perfectly heavenly twelve-hour trip here yesterday. The day was perfect, the country so beautiful, and I so nervously tired at the end of an exasperating week. But I do not intend to talk shop this lovely May morning. It is Whit Sunday, and I have decided to spend the day quietly here by myself, going to church and for a walk. I met a very sweet, friendly girl from Kentucky on the train yesterday, whose mother-in-law lives near here at Chateau Neuf. She says it is a wonderfully interesting place built in the time of Louis XI, who slept

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there one night. I am to go out to tea with her this afternoon. Her mother-in-law was an American, Miss Polk, who married a famous French general.

Tomorrow I will cross to Dinard and inspect the thousand little refugees from Nancy, who have been there for six weeks without a change of clothing, which reminds me that the package of nightgowns arrived from Mrs. Griffith. Thank her and tell her that I will write soon and thank her for them, and for the Easter greeting which was the only one which reached me. Just before leaving Paris I received a letter from Dick, the first since he took his part in the offensive—I cabled his mother—I can not tell you how relieved I was to see his hand-writing.

The trip was a joy from start to finish. You know how this country looks in spring, all so tenderly beautiful, such a contrast to our mountains, valleys, ravines, and great stretches of plains carpeted with intense colors. This is the perfect time, as the trees are not all out, many just showing feathery green on the swaying branches—I have never seen so many shades of green. Then the fruit blossoms, hawthorne, bridal wreath, and best of all, I thought, fields of buttercups, the only familiar wild flowers I have seen. The genesta is in full bloom, you know how beautiful that is! I am charmed, too, by the absence of fences, the lovely blooming hedges make the division, but it certainly is not humanly speaking economical, as each cow, horse, and pig in France has to have an individual guardian to keep him from going astray; it is too amusing to see them take their animals out for a walk just as people do pet dogs once a day for a constitutional! And the birds, they are so delicious, I have never heard such singing! The flowering hedges are just filled with them. And scattered all through this lovely country the old houses with their tiled and moss-covered roofs only add to the enchantment.

St. Malo, I am told, is lovely. I am looking forward to a day of bliss, away from the sound of guns and "Alerts." I shall try to forget that the world is at war.

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Paris, May 26, 1918.

To A. G.

Since writing to you on the train of the beauties and delights of my trip to San Malo I have had an eventful week. I traveled with the Marquise de Charette, who was en route to her country place near San Malo. We became very friendly at the end of a twelve-hour voyage together, so it ended in my spending Sunday afternoon at the most beautiful place I have seen in France, and it was most interesting, too. The Baroness de Charette is the widow of a very famous French general who raised a volunteer regiment of Zouaves to take to Italy to defend the Pope against Garibaldi. His regiment presented him with this beautiful place. It is full of interesting relics of Garibaldi's army, etc. The chateau was built in the time of Louis XI, and is a dream, simply covered with ivy.

Madame Charette was a Miss Polk. She is a woman of about eighty, very well preserved and full of energy; her only son is in the tank service and was wounded some time ago. The tanks, it seems, can only be used in an offensive, this should relieve Millie's mind about Loyall, as we are not apt to have an offensive soon. Madame Charette knew your cousin, Mr. Stone, when she was a girl. She told me with great pride that they were once the only two people outside the royal family at some function in Russia.

We walked through the most heavenly woods you can imagine, where the marguerites, primroses, forget-me-nots, and lillies of the valley grew thick in the high grass. I nearly lost my head with the beauty of it all. It did me lots of good because I found that I had some capacity for enjoyment left in me still. "To him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language. She glides into his darker moments with a mild and healing sympathy that steals away the sharpness ere he is aware."

And San Malo, is it not beautiful there? I sat on the ramparts through the long twilight, saw the moon come up over the waters, and in listening to the waves felt less lonely than I have since leaving home. The next morning after this day of relief and bliss I went over to Dinard, where the colony of one thousand children from Nancy are under our medical super-

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vision, these are not under the direct supervision of the Red Cross, but are supposed to be looked after by the Nancy people.

The next day I started direct for Paris, expecting to arrive here that same night, but was diverted by one of the members of the Smith unit who was on her way to Mont St. Michael. I found that I could go with her by taking the night train for Paris. We had a wonderful day together; you know what a miracle that place is, built out of that solid rock. I paid for my pleasure by a night of horror on the train where I stood for three hours, and then got a seat in a second-class carriage between two men, one of whom smoked a pipe all night.

Miss Bliss, the Smith girl, told me a tale of absorbing interest although of horror. She literally took part in the retreat of the British army. Their unit was at Nesle, and they moved back inch by inch as the Boche approached. It was a thrilling experience and all so tragic. This unit had for months kept open house for these men at Nesle, and knew many of them intimately. Most of them were killed or taken prisoners. These very same fleeing men, when they met the French coming to their rescue, turned about and fought splendidly. The Smith unit slowly retreated to Beauvais where they are running a canteen, and visiting our men who are in the French hospitals. They are a fine lot. I am glad I sent Camilla there.

I am going to get up now and go to St. Germain for the day, and try to forget the horrors of war. You asked me why I do not dictate my letters to my stenographer to save time, you must remember that they are all written on Sunday. I am not writing any more to Miss Crandall as she has never acknowledged any I sent her, so I suppose they are not what she wants.

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Memorial Day, Paris, 1918.

To L. McL. and C. A. S.

The last three days have been more strenuous than usual. Big Bertha announced the beginning of the new offensive. It is very thoughtful of the Hun to keep us so well informed of his plans. I immediately began sending telegrams to my nurses to report in Paris. I thought I wouldn't wait until a hurry call came for them. Unfortunately Dr. Knox was away so I had to assume a good deal of authority and take a big responsibility as we have not nearly enough nurses at the various hospitals and dispensaries, as it is. While frantic telegrams were coming in for help from our different centers, I was sending equally frantic ones for nurses. Then news from the front came pouring in, calls for help to arrive, and when a conference was called and a demand was made on me for forty nurses, and I was able to produce forty-three instantly, the relief of the Military Affairs Committee was great. Those nurses got off yesterday afternoon in big trucks to the front and I assure you I had a big lump in my throat when I saw the last of them. The Boche are systematically trying to get the hospitals, especially the American—the hospital for which half of those nurses were destined was shelled the day before. Our little refugee hospital in the same place had bombs dropped on it a few days ago. One of the nurses wrote me that she had saved a new-born baby by sheltering it in her arms. I will enclose you the letter she wrote. The patients from this hospital have all been evacuated now so I have turned over the staff to the military.

This is one of the most soul-stirring days I have ever spent. In the early morning I read of the Hun advance, that Soissons was taken, of the danger Rheims was in, of the wonderful fighting side by side of the British and French troops, and then to cheer and give us hope, of the splendid fighting and success of our men, who in the midst of this general retreat actually made some advance. Madame Gotz told me about it with tears in her eyes. A French officer had telephoned to her, she said to me when I met her at church, "My dear, it was so magnificent, I am proud of my country." She has lived over here for fifty years. The boys went over the top as cheerfully as if they were playing baseball. My nurses went eagerly to the front.

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Those few who were left behind were in tears. After they left there was a few moments lull, so I slipped into the American Church for the Memorial Day service. I longed for you both. It was the most wonderful and inspiring service I ever attended. The church was beautifully decorated with poppies, bluets and white sweet peas. When the boys marched up the aisle carrying on high their standards, followed by a number with shouldered arms singing the "Son of God Goes Forth to War," it was all the congregation could do to refrain from kneeling down to conceal their tears. They looked so big and fine and grave and handsome and we knew they were, too, for we had just been reading of their glorious fighting which has done much to keep up the morale of the allies, as they say all the time "more like them are pouring over." And just think of it, my dear sisters, your boys are right there, taking a splendid part in this great struggle which is going to settle the destiny of the world for so many generations to come. How proud you must be of them, I have some little idea of your feelings as I have such a feeling of pride, when I say, "I have four nephews at the front," now that Rogers is here, I count the fourth. I had a note from him.

The hymn was followed by the reading of the President's message, some solemn music rendered by an English military band, then a sort of requiem service which we realized would be the only service which would be read for some of our boys. Finally the three national anthems were sung with a fervor I have never heard before. You would both have felt upheld and uplifted in this great sacrifice you are daily making, if you could have seen the shining faces of those men and boys who are going forth to fight for justice, truth and liberty. Be of good courage and remember that I am at hand always and ready to go to them if they need me.

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Paris, June 1, 1918.

To A. G.

Big Bertha is booming again this morning, a report was so loud a moment since that it nearly startled me out of bed. As you know the second drive is on, and we are rushing nurses to the front.

Our work is suffering terribly by it. For instance, I have been calling nurses to Paris for several weeks, knowing that they would suddenly be needed. Yesterday the Military Affairs sent in a call for twenty nurses, fortunately most of my nurses are availble.

Paris, June 2, 1918.

To A. G.

I wrote you in my last of the queer pain I had in my arm and throat which I thought was rheumatism. Well, after half a night's rest it was much better. I had quite made up my mind that I would spend Sunday in bed, but after hearing a tale of tragedy from one of my guests, I got up and went out to the American Ambulance, where I knew I could find out the true state of affairs. There I found every corner filled with our wounded, but they were getting on all right, very grateful to me for the help sent, I sent out some of the Paris dispensary nurses to help for a few days. I am going to hang on to some of the Paris nurses as long as possible as they fit into all kinds of emergencies. I think my mission in life at present is to do odd jobs, and am hauling in nurses from all sides. I met a canteen worker the other day who told me she was a graduate nurse, but not in the Red Cross because she had no obstetrics! I explained to her that this was no maternity job, and had her signed up before she knew where she was. I gathered in eight last week who were not connected with us. Anne Morgan has a number of floating people and the American fund contributed three. I am so grateful for my promiscuous acquaintanceship; Mrs. Lathrop, Willie Gwin, Anne Morgan, Mrs. Vanderbilt are all useful people to know.

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June 5.

No time to finish the other morning. I have had a mad sort of day. Most unsatisfactory, except that I found a dozen more nurses for our men.

At five o'clock I saw our nurses and aids off to the front, realizing that some may never return. It was a big responsibility sending those aids who had come for children's work, but they were eager to go and I think it is their right to volunteer for such service just as their brothers do.

We hear better news tonight, but so far nothing official.

Paris, June 12, 1918.

To E. C. G.

I have been really nursing at last. I have been going to the American Ambulance at Neuilly every day helping out. When our Marines went so suddenly into the fight at Chateau Theirry, our hospitals weren't prepared for the large number of wounded that suddenly and unexpectedly arrived, it was terrible. The hospital at Neuilly almost over night increased from 600 to 1,500 beds. The nurses were routed out of their beds at eleven p. m., one night, and wounded from the operating room brought right in. You can't imagine anything like it. The slightly wounded were sent away at quickly as possible to make room for more, consequently there was a continuous stream of stretchers going and coming. The men were perfectly splendid. I never saw a finer lot of boys, they really are boys, very few even twenty-one years old, many seventeen. The engineers did splendid work, they just threw aside their picks and shovels, and fought to the death. Really even our papers can't exaggerate the courage and spirit of those boys. The French are wild over them. Strangers meet us on the street and embrace us in gratitude, it is most embarrassing, as we all feel as a nation that we can't do enough. The boys talk freely to me while I do their dressings, make beds, etc. It is really so extraordinary to hear them recount their killing of men. I can't get over the shock. When I ask the men how they feel when they just

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kill a man, they say it generally happens after they have seen some of their comrades killed, and rage fills their hearts. I think it all too dreadful, but how they can unflinchingly face that deadly machine gun fire, and see thousands mowed down before them, I can't understand. The doctors and orderlies are so tender with the men, the stretcher bearers handle them so lovingly, it is very touching. The thing that upsets me more than anything else is their simple gratitude. Most of these boys come from good homes, and they have found this last year in the trenches pretty difficult. Very few gentle words have been spoken to them and they have suffered so many real hardships, such as having no water for days, being without food, sleeping in damp ditches, etc., that in spite of their wounds, the hospital seems like heaven. I wish I had time to write you more fully of it. I enclose a small donation for the Ross Chapel, use it as you like.

Paris, June 13, 1918.

To A. G.

Not since I left home has no long a period elapsed without my writing, but when I tell you the cause you will understand and forgive. Last week I got so upset over the stories of wounded (it was just after the Marines had fought so splendidly near Chateau Thierry) that I just went out to the American Ambulance, saw for myself the conditions, and offered my services, which were thankfully accepted. Then I went back and asked for a vacation, which was granted me by Dr. Knox most sympathetically, he knowing that I would not ask for one at this time unless I absolutely needed it. After making the leave safe I told him my plan.

Well, I have been through a week of horror, but thankfulness, too, that I have the training which enables me to relieve a little of this suffering. I can not write to you about it, but you will appreciate somewhat the nursing situation when I tell you that I had a tent containing thirty-six men turned over to me, eighteen of whom had been admitted in the night, and many of whom had been operated on, four coming out of ether when I arrived, and no nurse had been near them, there being none to send. Convalescent patients were looking out for them

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in a fashion. The hospital in a few days almost doubled in size. Twenty nurses were promised six weeks ago but have not arrived yet. One takes care of sixty-four patients, assisted by three aids.

Of course at the end of a day of these dreadful sights, the unaccustomed lifting, bending, etc., I am almost exhausted, but I sleep well and wake more rested than I have for a long time.

En route to Rouen, June 22, 1918.

To A. G.

It is a difficult matter to write on the trains as they are hopelessly jerky, but I am going to try to write to you a sort of progressive letter, writing at the stations. Oh! for a fountain pen! I am really lost without one. I have bought two and both no good.

The work became so light at the Ambulance at the end of my second week that I decided to take a few days off and inspect our dispensary at Rouen. It is for refugees at the station. Rouen is in the English war zone, and two of our base hospitals are there. The town has been bombarded for several weeks now, we hear that Big Bertha's efforts have been directed there instead of on Paris.

I have just been talking to an English officer; he asked me if the Fifth Marines had been in the fight at Chateau Thierry, he has been with them near Verdun. I answered "Yes, the Fifth was almost wiped out, in one instance only four men being left in a company." They are composed of young, ardent boys who think the world is theirs, as I wrote you before they range in age from seventeen to twenty. If you ask one if he was not afraid or if he can bear the pain of a dreadful wound, the answer always is: "Why, I am a Marine!"

A Frenchman yesterday told me that he had received a letter from a friend from the trenches with the following characteristic tale in it: Two reconnoitering parties of ten each had been sent out in opposite directions. The French, having accomplished their mission returned to the base, but it was a long time before anything was seen of the Americans, who finally appeared triumphant with a number of prisoners. It seems that

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they had gone where they were sent, to the first line of trenches, but seeing no one, they penetrated to the second line, captured some prisoners, and then returned as things began to get too hot for them. Now, much of this kind of thing is really foolhardy, but the moral effect of their young enthusiasm upon these tired allied armies is really a reviving force which seems to make the sacrifice worth while. The French simply hug them in delight, particularly here where they are placed between the oncoming hordes of barbarians and Paris.

It does not seem possible with the present grim determination set against it that the Boche will ever enter Paris. Did I write you the answer a Frenchman made the other day to a Red Cross worker who asked him if he thought the Boche would come to Paris? "Did you ever see a pig in the streets of Paris? No? Well, you never will!"

Sunday A. M., Rouen.

What a beautiful, interesting place this is, but one's pleasure in seeing these wonderful churches, monuments, and public buildings is destroyed by the ever-present fear that at any moment the Boche big gun, which is now trained on Rouen, may destroy in the twinkling of an eye beauty which it has taken centuries to create, and which the hand of man is powerless to reproduce. It is strange how one trembles with fear for these wonderful historic monuments while the thought of personal danger is very remote.

I climbed to the top of the cathedral tower, the first time I have done such a thing in France, always having a vivid recollection of how my knees ached when descending the Mission tower at Santa Barbara. I climbed the tower with a very pleasant English officer, and he and I forgot the war, and reminiscenced on the beauties of Rome. I think this place is more full of historic interest and beauty than any other town I have visited, but one can not forget the war for long as the British Tommies fill the streets. I met a very enthusiastic American woman who has been married ten years to a Frenchman, and she acted as my guide.

The refugees came in here in hordes two weeks ago, but

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now it is pretty quiet. We have a dispensary at the station, a doctor and nurse in charge. The doctor here is the sister of Mr. Coolige who was at Burlingame for so long.

To return to Rouen, I am particularly enthusiastic over the Palace of Justice which I think is a perfect public building, it is so wonderfully harmonious. And do you remember the little church of St. Maclou quite near the Cathedral? It is strange that the English are finally here allies with their ancient enemies, the French, in the very spot where they captured Joan of Arc and burned her so many centuries ago. The French are very enthusiastic over the Americans as fighters. A Frenchman explained to me the difference between American and British the other day; he said that if a company of French or American men lost their officers they would go right on just the same, but when the English lost their officers they lost their heads.

There are thousands of women laborers here doing men's work; they are dreadful looking people, hard-featured and very bold expressions. The V. A. D.'s are most attractive just like my aids, who really are the flower of our civil army here. Nine of them returned from a French hospital where they have been for six weeks, Hannah H. and Margaret Robins among them. The former is a perfect dear, so simple and genuine. We all dined together before they left again for the front, and included Mary Eyre, who is installed at the American Ambulance, taking histories for the home service.

Paris, June 26, 1918.

To C. A. S. and L. McL.

After a three weeks' letter famine it was with joy that today I received an accumulated mail consisting of 22 letters, wasn't that wonderful? I had a perfect feast. Miss Maxwell and Miss Dabney have also arrived laden with packages and news for me, so I feel very happy and close to you all. The war news is more encouraging, too, the feeling here is that America has shown what her men can do, although they have not spent their lives in the study and art of killing men. They learn so quickly and are so eager to be taught, that it is half the battle. We are so proud of them, I know you will often think that much that

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you read of their wonderful work is newspaper talk but I assure you that nothing we say surpasses what the French say of them. I overheard a party of Frenchmen talking the other night at a restaurant and one said, and they all agreed, that in the time to come when history would tell the tale, that Belgium and America would get the credit for saving democracy and liberty, and that Wilson would have a widespread fame, second only to that of Christ. Every one here simply idolizes Wilson, they think him the greatest prophet of democracy that the world has ever seen.

Paris, June 27, 1918.

To A. G.

You know my feeling of relief and joy when at last after a three weeks' fast all your letters came. I was the envy of the whole office, I always am, for no one has such true and devoted friends as I have.

I was so glad to hear about the Red Cross parade; half a dozen people wrote me, "I will not tell you about it, as Alice surely will." Curiously enough you never mentioned it until it was over. I would have given a great deal to have seen our Telegraph Hill mothers march—that was a real triumph. The whole thing must have been inspiring.

I must tell you that I have had a change of heart in regard to the service flags after reading a letter one of our wounded boys had from home. His mother wrote, "My flag has two stars, and in each star I see the face of my boy." Outward and visible signs do not mean to me, I fear, as much as they should. For instance there is a service stripe given over here for every six months of service; now, it does not appeal to me at all to wear on my sleeve the advertisement of the fact that I have for six months been doing an obvious duty.

As to the nurses, it is really difficult to have hospitals ready at every point because, of course, no one but old Hindenburg knows just where the attack will be made, and he won't tell! For instance, we rushed all our nurses to a certain point when one attack was on; they did magnificent, heroic work for two weeks in a hospital which was being shelled, and now for three weeks have had nothing to do as that sector has been very

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quiet. If they are withdrawn, tomorrow the sector may become the center of the conflict, and we would again be unprepared.

I have a real feeling for the first time that the end is in sight. Our men have made such a splendid showing, and are coming over so rapidly that I believe the Huns will not be willing to enter upon another spring campaign.

Paris, July 9, 1918.

To A. G.

On Sunday I wrote you at intervals pretty much all day, and now I have lost the letter, which is really a great bore, as it is so difficult to write the same thing again.

The 4th celebration in Paris made that day a never to be forgotten one to those who were privileged to take part in the ceremonies. For a week before we watched with the deepest interest the preparations which were made all over the city, in fact all over France. The Stars and Stripes decorated every building, you know how beautifully they arrange the flags in the shields. Our flag was placed in the center, flanked on each side by French flags. To our delight the nurses were asked by the French government to march in the parade. It was the first time women have ever marched in a parade in Paris. We formed in the Place de la Trocadero at 8:45 a. m. I carried the flag, it was the proudest moment of my life, in fact don't think I ever had that proud feeling before. But when we fell in line behind the Marines, our band playing Dixie and I held that banner on high to the cheers of the crowd "Vive l'Amerique," I really felt that I had reached the supreme moment of my life. You can't, or I rather think you can, imagine the exalted sensation of marching through that sea of cheering people, throwing flowers before us, and every now and then some one would dart from the crowd, saying: "I want to touch that flag, I love it so,—the flowers are for it." That kind of thing happened not once but many times. Our splendid Marines got the ovation they deserved. When we marched by the grand stand where Joffre, Clemenceau, Lloyd-George, and the President were seated, I dipped the flag following the instructions of an army officer. I was terribly excited doing that as I had to keep step at the same time, count spaces, etc., and see the flag didn't

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touch. After it was over another army officer told me that I shouldn't have dipped the flag, that only regimental colors were dipped, not the flag,—it got dipped anyway, correct or not. Miss Maxwell marched at my side with the Red Cross flag. She marched like a young girl, we did not disband till 12 m., so you see it was very fatiguing. The nurses made quite a good appearance, Norfolk suits, black sailors and white turn-over collars, very severe, but I thought very dignified. There were 120, all the night nurses from the Paris hospitals and our Paris dispensary nurses.

In the afternoon we went to the Ambassadeurs Restaurant, Ave. Gabrielle, where the American Fund for French Wounded had a wonderful entertainment for our wounded, they were all brought in ambulances from the hospitals, the poor fellows were a tragic lot, so many limbs gone, but they were wonderfully cheerful and so gentle and tender with each other. Mrs. Lathrop managed it all beautifully, she is a most capable woman and has been a very useful friend to me.

Miss Maxwell and I decided to finish the day at the Charmaunt Palace where a mammoth entertainment was given for our boys. It was really a great sight, about 3,000 of our men packed in that great place, an American band playing familiar airs (familiar to them not to me) and Elsie Janis (the idol of our army) stand there before them all, telling funny stories, dancing or singing. The applause would nearly raise the roof, it was deafening, but such a relief after the tense days we have all been through; the second half of the program was boxing, I can't say I enjoyed it, but I was amused at Miss Maxwell who so caught the spirit of the occasion that she sat beside me shouting with the boys, "That's right, give it to him." We had a little dinner before going, just six of us and I produced the fruit cake you sent to celebrate with, it was really very good in spite of the tin and we all enjoyed it. I called it Porter's birthday cake.

The next morning early I left for Dijon, Miss Maxwell had left for Tours before my return. I had such a good time at Dijon with Loyall Sewall who spent two days with me. I met his Major just before leaving Paris and he telegraphed to Loyall, who is stationed in that vicinity, two days' leave,—wasn't it fine? He looked splendidly and is in the best of

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spirits. I will enclose a letter from Dick, which I think also sounds very cheerful.

I am saving my vacation, hoping to be able to join him in the near future somewhere, for a few days. We are supposed to have two weeks' vacation at the end of every six months. I have taken a week of mine when I went to the hospital at Neuilly. I don't feel the need of it but would like a few days with Dick.

I saw Miss Johnston from San Francisco at Dijon. I lent her to the canteen there, she is doing fine work.

Paris, July 10, 1918.

To A. G.

Such a good batch of letters yesterday—in addition to the faithfuls who never neglect me (you, Camilla, Linie and Millie) one from Laura McKinstry and Ethel Beaver, both very characteristic and interesting. I remember so well that little boy Purcell Jones—he used to play in the most fascinating way with the pansies in his garden; I am sure he is an artist.

All that you write me of the Well Babies Clinic is deeply interesting. Are you keeping any kind of statistics so that we can prove that we have reduced the death rate in that neighborhood? I do not believe it would be possible to prove this, as I doubt if the San Francisco Vital Statistics are kept in districts as they are here.

Most of our nurses are in the French hospitals where our men are. They get on surprisingly well; the public health nurses get on better than the army nurses as they are more adaptable. Did I ever tell you that I had picked out a nurse to take home with me? Miss Bears, from Waltham—she is doing splendid work now in the Service de Santé. I am sure Miss Johnson will like her. Hope the salary will be ready for her in four years. One year of that five I came for has passed —it seems like ten.

We all hope for a fine 14th celebration. The next time I march with that flag it will be through the Arch de Triumph with the Kaiser in chains at my side! We are so proud of the way that our men are coming over, and I am told by the quartermaster that our army is self-supporting, besides having

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much surplus for the French. In truth it is a miracle when I think of how impossible all declared it to be.

The army has the utmost confidence in Pershing. I think it is so wonderful that we have proved again (the last time in '76) that it does not take years of military training—the necessity of keeping up a big military establishment—to fight successfully for right and win against veterans. The French and English say that our men fight just as well as the seasoned troops, and with much more enthusiasm. Of course these poor fellows are worn out, but so are the Germans. Just let the numbers keep up and victory is in sight—I feel sure of it although we probably have some hard days ahead.

The following letter portrays so vividly the work the nurses and aids are called upon to perform that it is inserted here.

Beauvais, July 11, 1918.

Dear Miss Ashe.

I've been meaning to write you for a long time but somehow its about all I can accomplish to get off my weekly leter to the family. There is so much to do when work is over. I wish clean collars and cuffs would grow on uniforms during the night.

The last time I really wrote you was when we were so busy with our 122 gassed. As they began to be evacuated and the work let up, Miss Christians and Miss Hoadley were sent to Field 12 so Miss Wilson and I had our hands full again. The night of the 28th was fearful in regard to bombs. After a second attack I went up stairs to bed but was no sooner in that Madame Jiller called me to say that a brancardier had come to say they wanted me at the hospital at once. I dressed and went out into the inky black deserted street. I will have to admit that I ran all the way there and kept my head more or less ducked as the shrapnel had only just stopped clattering on the street. I opened the door of the entrance room and by the dim light of one shaded lamp saw it crowded with stretchers and all around the edge wounded sitting up. They were all Americans. The bombs began dropping again outside and I

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began to go through the necessary admitting papers for them. Not one complained—I was so proud of them before the French clerks. They had come straight from the front, Cantigny, without any stop at a field hospital, with just their gory first aid dressings on. It took from 12:30 to 7:30 a. m. to get them all done and that was working perfectly steadily. More kept filling in throughout the night.

The next day you can easily imagine that we were busy. Miss Wilson had, I think, twenty new gas cases whom she had not only to dress but to wash, besides her old ones and I was running from one place to another interpreting, of course had to work some in the gas ward. One boy only died that day. That night eleven more came in from Field 12, all were very bad abdomen and chest cases. The gas boys were all evacuated during the next few days but for a while we had more Americans than they did at the American Hospital. Finally there were about sixty-five wounded left, scattered through all the wards. Miss Wilson went on night duty in the ward with the worst ones. Joll Clark took a whole week to die in the most awful pain. He was the nicest, bravest boy and we both could hardly bear it. All his last night he called Miss Wilson "Mother." She kept being called by orderlies from other wards for different patients and so was more than busy. I interpreted for patients, doctors and nurses, till I really didn't know whether I was speaking French or English. It was the greatest satisfaction, though, to be able to get them fixed up. Sometimes the smallest things which they wanted but couldn't explain seemed to make the boys perfectly contented.

Finally by the 11th of June when the big rush of French wounded came, there were only five Americans left. That night Miss Headley and Miss Wilson went to the American Hospital. I'd been on during the day but everyone was so swamped with work that I stayed and it wasn't until 5:30 a. m. that we got the last of the poor, half-dead, men off their stretchers and into bed. We all three went back in the morning and washed them, etc. They had been 200 behind in the operating room the night before so you can imagine the condition of many of them. All we'd been able to do the night before was to cut their clothes off and lift them into bed. There was one American and he was dying. Miss Headley stayed with him all afternoon

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and I went home to sleep. Miss Headley and Miss Wilson had to be on call again for the American Hospital during the night, so at 8 I went on with MacKenzie. He came from Lexington and all through till morning when he wasn't delirious we talked about home. He died, after Miss Headley came on, at 7:30. I felt awfully as he was so nice and very pathetically homesick.

After these things died down, we had about a week with very little to do, when Miss B. and Miss H. and Miss W. were suddenly sent off to Paris and I was left very much alone, but luckily went right to work at No. 14 at the top of the hill and was very much occupied, being day nurse for three boys, two Americans and one Frenchman. They told me all three were probably going to die, but thank goodness they didn't. After a week Miss Candish and I changed and I was on night duty there for five nights when as they didn't need me any more I took Mrs. Clarke's place on night duty at the American Hospital. There I am now and probably will be until August. I am very flourishing and happy and my only cross is that I can never seem to rid myself of the smell of Dakins. I have to inject it every two hours all night and get so saturated that I have to use cologne before going to bed in the morning. I have twelve boys and like them all and as they all seem to be improving, the ward is more cheerful every day.

I hear you carried out your plan of nursing through your vacation. I'm sure you must have loved it but hope you're getting a little rest in somewhere on the side. There was nothing very restful about the office as I remember it.

How is Miss Weaver, and also Miss Hawley and all the rest? Give them my best love. Perhaps when this night duty is over I'll get a day or two in Paris and can come and see you all. Will you come to a meal at Pruniers with me?

I must stop and get dressed. Nothing I can say can tell you how glad I've been to be here for these two months. Thank you a hundred times for sending me.

Looking forward to seeing you at the end of the month,

Affectionately,

FRANCES WEBSTER.

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Paris, July 14, 1918.

To A. G.

This is to be a great day. I am at present in a room at the Red Cross, just on the corner of the Place de la Concorde and the Rue Royale. We have a splendid view—the Madelaine and the Place. The crowd is immense in spite of the fact that Paris is supposed to be empty. Everyone seems excited and jubilant —one would think a big victory was being celebrated. A delegation has just passed bearing a big wreath to be placed on the Alsace Lorraine Statue. Miss Maxwell is with me and as enthusiastic as a young girl—she is so satisfactory to do things with.

Some day we will all be celebrating the final victory—will it bring the world peace? I doubt it. It will just bring about a long exhausted period of rest when strength will be stored for a future combat. This sounds pessimistic, but I begin to believe that it is inherent in man to fight.

Later.

The parade has passed, and we have cheered and shouted until we are exhausted. There seemed to be some special reason for cheering each company as it passed by, and a French girl expressed our feelings when she darted from under the arm of the gendarmes, and kissed each standard-bearer. The English, American, Italian, Poles, Serbs, Greeks, Australians, Canadians, New Zealanders, and even Portuguese made up the parade. Of course flowers were freely given; the poilus were literally laden, their knapsacks full and bunches on the ends of bayonets—our men are not allowed to carry them. The English marched the best and they made a splendid showing.

In the afternoon I went to the Trocadero where a big patriotic meeting was held. Twelve of our aids helped sell programs. Viviani was the orator of the day, and most of the program was taken up with eulogies of America. I was terribly disappointed in the singing of the Marseillaise at the end. There was an immense crowd, and I expected something stirring, but no one joined in with chorus who sat on the stage,

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and a group of Frenchmen behind me talked all the time the soloist was singing it.

All night last night we could hear the big guns at the front and Big Bertha has been shelling us all day. I have not heard what damage has been done—people pay very little attention to it. Now that the moon is visiting us again I suppose the air raids will begin.

Paris, July 18, 1918.

To L. McL.

Yesterday I wrote you a letter so this will be just a few lines to tell you that Mary Eyre met a man from Dick's regiment yesterday and that he gave a fine report of Dick, had seen him the day before and that he is up for his lieutenantcy, had passed his physical and there seemed to be no doubt about the result of the mental. I hope he gets a leave soon. I am saving mine to join him somewhere.

I have had such sweet letters from the Farm children telling me about my birthday. Porter was there, took the children some candy. Frank, Mrs. Griffith's chauffeur, gave the children a phonograph in honor of the day. Wasn't that touching? One little girl wrote me "You do not know me, but I wish to thank you for the book you sent me and tell you what a lovely time we had at your party, but the day seemed out of place without you." Wasn't that charmingly expressed? Little Camille wrote such a nice letter and Patsy, with his poor little crippled hands, writes remarkably well. I like to think of them all having such happy times on the Farm. I wonder how long it will be before I wander through the vegetable garden with Camille expounding the wonders of it to me; no vegetables here taste so good as those. The artichokes are impossible, huge, big old things impossible to eat anything but the heart. The peaches and cherries are delicious, the rest of the fruit poor and so expensive, strawberries (large ones very tasteless) were one franc a piece, season very short, there were none in the markt after June 20th and peaches 5 francs a piece at small places, 3 at the cheaper. I bought none, they are cheaper now, 1 franc. Food is very plentiful, but very high, 3 meatless days, very little sugar, otherwise all you want if you pay for it. It

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costs us $100 per month to live, hotel and laundry, we wash small pieces.

We hear that the boys in this battle are not so badly wounded as the Marines were in May.

American Ambulance, Neuilly, July 21, 1918.

To A. G.

This is just a line to tell you that I am too rushed to write. I volunteered out here at the American Ambulance yesterday, Sunday, and came out this morning at 7 a. m., taking French leave from the office. If I am shot at dawn for deserting I intend to look after our wounded instead of well baby clinics. I dragged all the nurses into it Saturday I could possibly lay hands on, have persuaded all the women doctors to give ether (they are only too glad to do it). The doctors are working night and day, 2,800 men passed through.

I am waiting now for a telephone message. On Saturday I went up towards the front in an ambulance to bring back a wounded nurse. We had a fearful trip, it took us three and a half hours to get back, we arrived at 1:30 a. m., the patient perfectly exhausted, but so plucky. I couldn't get a word out of her, all those hours, when sometimes she was nearly jolted off the stretcher, but "I am all right, it is nothing compared with what the badly wounded suffer." She was wounded in the back, not seriously. When I tell you that I rode in that ambulance for 11 hours, with one half hour off for dinner and was not dead tired when I got home, you can know that I have some pep left in me yet.

I just ran out to see a battle in the air, a day raid from the Boche, but couldn't see much, just flashes.

The spirit is simply wonderful among the boys, coming and going, they are always cheerful, smiling and joking all the time; every one is crazy about them, and now they are all so excited and eager to get back, as every little while news of victory comes in, if we can only keep it up, pushing back steadily. But we must be content with every gain and not expect to keep up this big effort, all of the allies except ourselves are to exhausted, I fear. The men say that a number of Hun women have been captured, one a Captain, it seems incredible, but one believes almost anything, it is all so impossible.

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Later.

The wounded continue to pour in night and day, it is impossible to handle them properly. I am on duty in the receiving ward (a big garage which holds about 100 stretchers, packed so closely together you can't step between). I try to make the men a little more comfortable by feeding them and poking little pillows under aching wounds to keep them off the iron bars of stretchers, bless those foolish little pillows, nothing gives more comfort. We never hear a complaint night or day, just smiling thanks, it is so wonderful, a big Red Cross man told me their smiles made him cry; many are only looked over and sent on. We can't keep any but serious cases, an amputated case, if in good condition is not considered serious.

(The writer of the following is the nurse from Waltham mentioned in Miss Ashe's leters.)

July 22, 1918.

My dear Miss Ashe.

If we continue to have as interesting a time as at present, we shall all be completely demoralized as far as going back to Paris is concerned. Did you know that our Beauvais formation split in two sections a week ago—one-half to stay there and the other half to form a flying squadron to go wherever the need was greatest? I was forunate enough to be assigned to the half that was flying, and we have had the most interesting time. We took equipment enough, even to a chef, to start a hospital and came by camions to Chantilly, where we joined a French auto chir and although we are off in our own corner, we work along with them.

We are to stay here as long as the blessés come in from this front and when they stop we are either to go back to Beauvais or to move on where the work is heavier. It's a wonderful experience and we love the sort of gypsy life we lead. With this heavenly weather it's a joy to work out under the trees and practically live out of doors.

The wards are under canvas and we have put up a small portable operating room. We bought the equipment from Beau-

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vais and it is the cutest place. It rocks and shakes like a boat when we are working there, but "ca ne fait rien"—for the boys are being rushed through with real American speed and we know that the doctors have saved a great deal of gas gangrene. The first cases we did were nearly all infected with g. g. because they had been lying out in the fields for several days up at the front. But now they are getting them down quicker, and by keeping at it every minute we keep up with the procession and the boys do not have to wait around all day before getting attention. We are on eight-hour shifts, and everyone is keeping remarkably fresh and fit. Twenty nurses came down from Paris and joined us and fifteen more went to Beauvais to take our places there, for after we left they had a large convoy come in. I have done nothing but anesthetizing ever since I joined Dr. Moorhead's formation, and it is a wonderful experience, although a bit out of my line.

Have you been up to Chantilly? It is quite the prettiest town I have seen in France and the Chateau de Chantilly is a beautiful place. The park surrounding it covers miles of forest and the vistas through the bridle paths and walks are the work of a genius. But you can't get away from the war even there for there are several auto chirs on the open fields and ambulances are chasing in and out every minute. Also, thousands of German prisoners march through every day or so, and some have come into us as patients.

Our boys are elated over their success and their stories are thrilling. I rather hate to see them so blood thirsty, for the height of their ambition is to get a Boche, but their enthusiasm can't help but be infectious and the French love it.

Very sincerely,

ELMIRA W. BEARS.

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Paris, July 29, 1918.

To A. G.

Yesterday being Sunday I didn't have a moment in which to write you even a line, this nursing business is fatal to Sunday letters. I leave so early in the morning that letters before are impossible, and by night I am so dead tired that it is a physical impossibility. But yesterday I had a very pleasant change, the work was not nearly so heavy as all of our corridor patients were evacuated and an aide was sent to help me. So I left early in time to be able to have a hot restful bath before going to dine at Colonel Cutcheon's apartment, where he keeps house most luxuriously with three other men. Colonel Cutcheon is one of Mr. Byrne's partners, the whole firm (also Mr. Carl Taylor, a very fine man), calmly packed up and came over, leaving the law business to get on as best it may. Walter Damrosch was there at dinner and I don't know when I have had such an interesting time. We discussed all the problems of the universe. Helen and I were the only women, it was a real treat to hear those interesting intelligent men talk freely of fundamentals. I decided not to go to the hospital this morning, as Dr. Lucas returned Saturday and there are important matters which must be taken up with him.

There is one comfort about things over here, it shows people up in their true colors and if one only has patience, the dross is swept away in time, for the men at the head are very fine types and don't stand for what is not right.

Dr. Lucas was welcomed with open arms and such a sigh of relief. He looks splendidly and has told me so much about home and you. He was delighted with his lunch on the Hill and says Armand de Lillie was much impressed by the Farm. Barbara writes me that you are going to abbreviate the children's clothes for the sun treatment,—it really should be done, the results from that are quite wonderful. I want to go into it really scientifically when I return. I hope to be able to visit the famous Switzerland place where the children are practically naked in the snow. I was very much interested in all you wrote about the Lucas' visit.

He was very much impressed by the work being done on the Hill and thinks it would be all wrong for Miss

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Johnson to leave it. I feel quite sure that the military necessity has not come yet for her and I doubt if she could stand the strain. Of course her value would be in giving ether, but the strain in that work is terrific, they have to work at times several days and nights without rest and it is so harrowing. I find the work perfectly exhausting, the men suffer so and it is so difficult to give them any relief whenever a limb is either shatered or badly wounded. I have a boy who has a compound fracture of tibia—wounds in both legs, both above and below the knees and has been burned by mustard gas over the greater part of his back, which is raw—he simply has to lie on his back on account of his arm which is suspended by a frame; there are hundreds of this type of case in the hospital; one nurse has charge of 65 patients with 3 aides to help her. I have really been taking the place of an aide as I am too uncertain to be put in charge of a big ward or floor. I did manage last week to get my 15 patients bathed, which was a relief as they had not had a bath since before the battle. I just couldn't stand it and made a herculean effort which nearly killed me, but I feel well repaid, it was too dreadful to have those filthy men in bed. But I feel as if I could never more complain of any physical pain after seeing what the men suffer in silence, of course there is always an occasional one who complains and does not bear it well, but the others have so much contempt for him that he is soon reduced to silence; they don't hesitate to express their opinions in forcible language, brutally frank. Some poor weak fellow will be groaning and moaning and he is told to get a bottle with a nipple and suck it or some such comforting thing. I feel awfully sorry for the man with little grit, he does not have an easy time.

Mary Eyre comes out to distribute cigaretes, she seems to like her work. I saw Masie Hammond and Sarah Cunningham at Juiy when I went for our wounded nurse, they both seemed well and doing good work. Everyone says that the aides I have trained are the finest workers in France. I am awfully proud of them, because I have always made a point of getting into the closest possible personal relations with them and impressing on them the fact that the whole aide situation would be judged by their conduct; they do whatever they are told to do wihout question and I think are a very remarkable group of

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young women. The nurses are a little jealous of my interest in them but I felt that I must make a great effort to prove their value.

Paris, August 2, 1918.

To E. S.

Such a good letter come from you yesterday and I hasten to answer it as I have an unexpected half hour this morning before going to the hospital. As Miss Griffith has told you I have an erratic way of suddenly leaving my bureau at the call of the wounded and appearing unexpectedly at the hospital, at the critical moment, where I am greeted with open arms. Then I come back so dead tired at the end of a week or so that no one has the heart to scold me. But to sit in that office dictating letters, knowing that those poor boys are actually suffering for the most rudimentary care, is beyond my powers of endurance. When Dr. Lucas returned Saturday, I was not there and the first tale of complaint he heard was of me. But of course being a big-hearted red-blooded man he said "that's fine, it's just right." I must say I was relieved because one hates to appear insubordinate and irresponsible. Now that I have his sanction I can really do both things better. I try to get to the office for an hour or two every day, which keeps things moving very smoothly. My secretary is a brilliant jewel—only twenty-one years old and so clever and attractive.

One of the doctors has just come in to tell me that a train-load of wounded came in last night which means that 350 men have been brought to the hospital and are lying in all stages of discomfort over the floors, lawns, corridors and in fact wherever they can find floor space for them as they have to be undressed, fed and many things done for them before they find rest. They usually arrive on the stretchers without pillows, their heads resting on the iron cross bars. The suffering these poor fellows go through absolutely without a complain is heroic beyond words. I can't get used to it, it is all I can do to control myself as I kneel beside them tucking those little pillows under their poor shattered bodies.

I must tell you of a remarkable incident which occurred here last week when the big offensive began. A number of Red

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Cross workers were at the station receiving the wounded—giving them water and comforting them as they waited to be moved to the hospital. Mrs. Bacon was leaning over a boy helping him, when she heard a feeble voice behind her call "Mother" and turning she found her own boy lying there. I am sure that meeting started a wave of homesickness through these fallen ranks. Mrs. Bacon went to the hospital with her boy, left him there and returned to her post for the rest of the day.

I really must go to the hospital. Please thank Mrs. Heller again for the money, some day soon, I am going to have Miss Byrne make out a little statement of some of the people we help. I hope people will not mind my very erratic way of helping, but I give at the time when I feel the need is greatest, most unscientifically. I feel sometimes like Mr. Bender who said once that he looked first up the street to see if Miss Felton was in sight, then down for Miss Pexiotto before giving a man a quarter for a meal!

Paris, August 5, 1918.

To A. G.

Yesterday I had a day off, the first in many weeks. I went to the hospital as usual at 7 a. m., but found I was not needed, as twenty nurses had most unexpectedly appeared. I was glad as I was pretty tired, and besides wanted to go to the anniversary service at the English Ambassador's church. I gathered up quite a party to go with us, including Helen Cheseborough. It was a wonderful service. I like the service always at that church better than any service I have attended for years—it is so hearty—generally more men than women, who lift up their voices and pray and sing as if they meant it. They all sing through the entire service, even the Te Deum.

Well, yesterday the church was packed and when those men sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers," after a splendid sermon from an army chaplain who always goes over the top with the boys, the roof nearly came off, and cold shivers went up and down my back. You should have heard them shout "On to victory!" If you could have had any doubt of the ultimate result, then and there it must have been dispelled—those grim

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looking men never mean to stop until they have triumphed over the powers of darkness!

The chaplain was a wonder—he actually swore several times, but made me take an oath never again to express the slightest doubt but that complete victory would end war for all time among civilized nations. I will in future hold to that thought even if I know it can not be.

Coincy, August 10, 1918.

My dear Miss Ashe.

I was so pleased to receive your letter this morning and to seem to get in touch with you once more. I am so sorry not to have seen you in Paris, for I think this last move is a more permanent one, and unless our boys keep up this wonderful chase and leave us miles behind, we are apt to "rester ici" until fall.

This last move has been quite thrilling. We came across country in camions—about 30 miles and the ride was a continuous change of "war scenery," starting through the villages which the Germans invaded in 1914, the ruins being covered now with vines and flowers, and the inhabitants taking up the old routine of life once more in a protected corner of their homes,—and passing on to the district that the Germans have made their homes for months,—through miles of screened roads, acres of barbed wire entanglements, trenches and dugouts—and finally into the region where the Americans have swept all before them these last four weeks. We were so covered with dust that under ordinary circumstances we should have been cross and uncomfortable, but I felt much more in tune with my surrounding, with my face stiff and my beloved (?) blue coat a beautiful grey. Only my eyes were free and I saw to it that there was no obstacle in the way of my "seeing history." We stopped long enough to inspect the most wonderful dugouts—long underground passages and tiny rooms, all solidly built and fine examples of German thoroughness, but the last occupants were Americans.

We found one group of 25 graves, all Massachusetts boys, who were buried within two weeks. The roads are covered

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with unexploded hand grenades and shells, and you truly "watch your step" when you are sight-seeing.

Chateau Thierry is a pathetic sight—a city completely ruined but simply teeming with life,—the American army. Everywhere in this region it is a rare sight to see anyone but an American, except the French troops leaving this front for another, and even though we read the papers and know that our boys are pouring into the country we simply can't believe our eyes, for we have seen them pass for hours and hours both ways, and every nook and corner is filled with them. We have an ambulance corps of 110 men with our formation, all from the South. We talked with groups all the way up and our Massachusetts men are all around us, so I shall not be surprised to see someone I know only I hope he won't be on a stretcher, with bullets and éclats to be hunted for.

We ran to one side of the road once to allow four of our boys, all mounted, to pass with a long line of German prisoners. It was a wonderful moment, we couldn't cheer for it seemed too impressive, the boys were so characteristically American and so proud of their job and they solemnly saluted us. It seemed so significant of what the near future surely holds for us, our lively young Americans, full of life and vitality, can spell but one word to these stolid, tired German boys, and they looked as if they fully realized it.

We shall still be some days organizing, but we are putting up a tent hospital for 800 beds and most of our personnel is here and will be reinforced at once, of course. We still have a small group both at Beauvais and Chantilly, but this will be a small city when we are fully equipped. We are only 12 miles from the front and at night we can see the flash from the guns and the artillery signals. The guns always seem loud at B—— but they actually keep us awake up here, and we find ourselves getting all stirred up and unable to sleep when we know it is our Americans who are up there a few miles beyond hammering away.

This field we are on was a battle field not more than two weeks ago and we came here in time to see some unmistakable signs of a hurried retreat, loads of ammunition, two beautifully camouflaged machine guns, some forgotten Boches and horses and all sorts of souvenirs—helmets, bayonets, guns, etc.

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Yesterday p. m. three of the girls took shovels and actually went up on the hill and buried one unfortunate—or perhaps fortunate Boche, and even put up the regulation cross over him. The roads and country are simply peppered with shell holes and there isn't a whole house for miles. Some of the houses have been utterly wrecked, even the faces cut out of the portraits.

We have a heavenly view from our hill, miles and miles of rolling country, with long roads like ribbons winding in and out among the hills, always in motion with long lines of troops and supplies, blue coming down and khaki going in. The boys from an aviation camp near start off in squadrons, go over the lines and in a few hours we count them as they come back. It is just as well that we have a few days here to get our equilibrium or we should have a sad time trying to work and not miss anything at the same time. Our ambulance boys are inside the tent we have been leaning up against, entertaining us with Southern songs, accompanied by a mandoline and sometimes a violin. They are great and we are between hysterics at their camp songs and tears at some of our old home songs. It's a bit distracting for my letter but it seems so good to be "all-American" once more. What a change from last year is the present routine life and business of our nation!

Last night some of us walked over a few miles to see one of the placements where "Big Bertha" held forth for a while. It is a marvelous piece of work—exactly like a railway turntable, with a well built track up to it, and it is so heavy that their attempts to blow it up before they left it only curled up the corners. Everything about it was well camouflaged and there is a guard over it. About 100 of our boys arrived about the same time we did and among them was one who came form a mobile unit near us and he said Miss Evans was here. Dr. Woodroffe will remember her last winter at the Royal on her way South on account of chillblains. I am going to look her up this evening.

Signed E. B.

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Paris, August 12, 1918.

To A. G.

This has been a very quiet, uneventful week for me, although "Big Bertha" has kept things a little lively. I spent one day inspecting a very interesting place for delicate children near Paris at Hachette. It is really four places, a hospital for children where they are kept for ten days before going either to the convalescent home or the hospital, and then a big place with 150 beds for convalescent or delicate children. The latter is being run by Miss Dabney. She is doing well at Hachette. She is a very fine capable woman and I am glad she is there.

But I must tell you about Mrs. Post, who is here from Morlaix. She has developed her work wonderfully since I was there last year, and quite cheered me by telling me that I had been a real help. She tells me that she carried out all my ideas even to pruning the trees. You see, I arrived just as she was about to build expensive shelters for the children when I showed her how she could get splendid results with her plant just as it was. She quickly took the idea and says it has worked ideally. She has even introduced pottery at my suggestion. This had become a lost art. She is having the tubercular women make it, and says it is a great success—that they make lovely shapes. I was really awfully pleased about it, as although I enjoyed my trip to Brittany more than anything I have done since I have been here, I felt that it had been a waste of time. Mrs. Post has seventy children in her day camp. She says that the improvement in them is marvellous. She also has a hospital, and dispensaries scattered all throughout Finisterre.

I am going to start out tonight on a tour of inspection, and expect to travel pretty steadily this next month. I go today to Blois, and Friday to Sermaise, which is not far from Chalons.

Yesterday I had a very quiet, restful time; we got an old fiacre, took a guide book, and spent the afternoon sightseeing in a leisurely manner. I think it did us all good . It is just one year ago today since we arrived in Paris. Of the original group who came, only Dr. Lucas, Miss Gilder, Dr. Baldwin, and I are left. Dr. Baldwin leaves for home in a day or two.

Last night I dined with Mr. Macdonough; I do not know

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if you remember him—he is a great friend of Mr. Eyre's. His son had been here only about a week or two when he was killed in his first engagement. Helen Byrne knew him well, he was a fine fellow.

I fear the loss of life among our men has been very high, but let us pray that their over-zealousness may have given such an impetus to the retreat that the Huns won't stop until they have crossed the Rhine. I cannot help hugging to my heart the hope that the fruit of the sacrifice our boys have made of their young lives will be victory in the near future, not another year of war. Let us pray.

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